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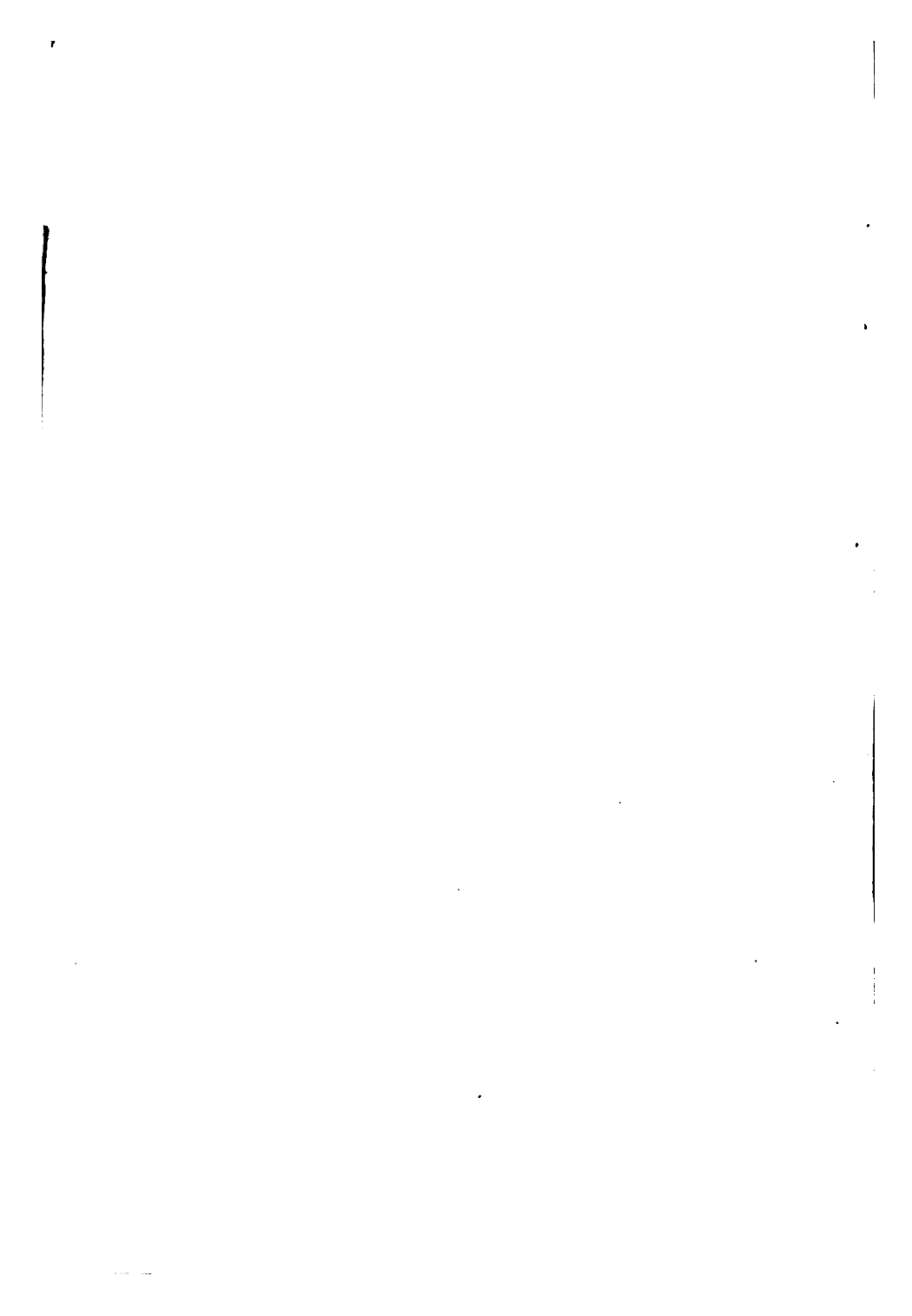
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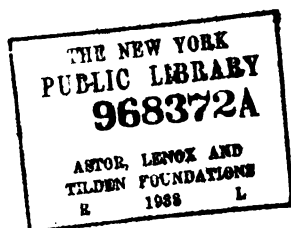


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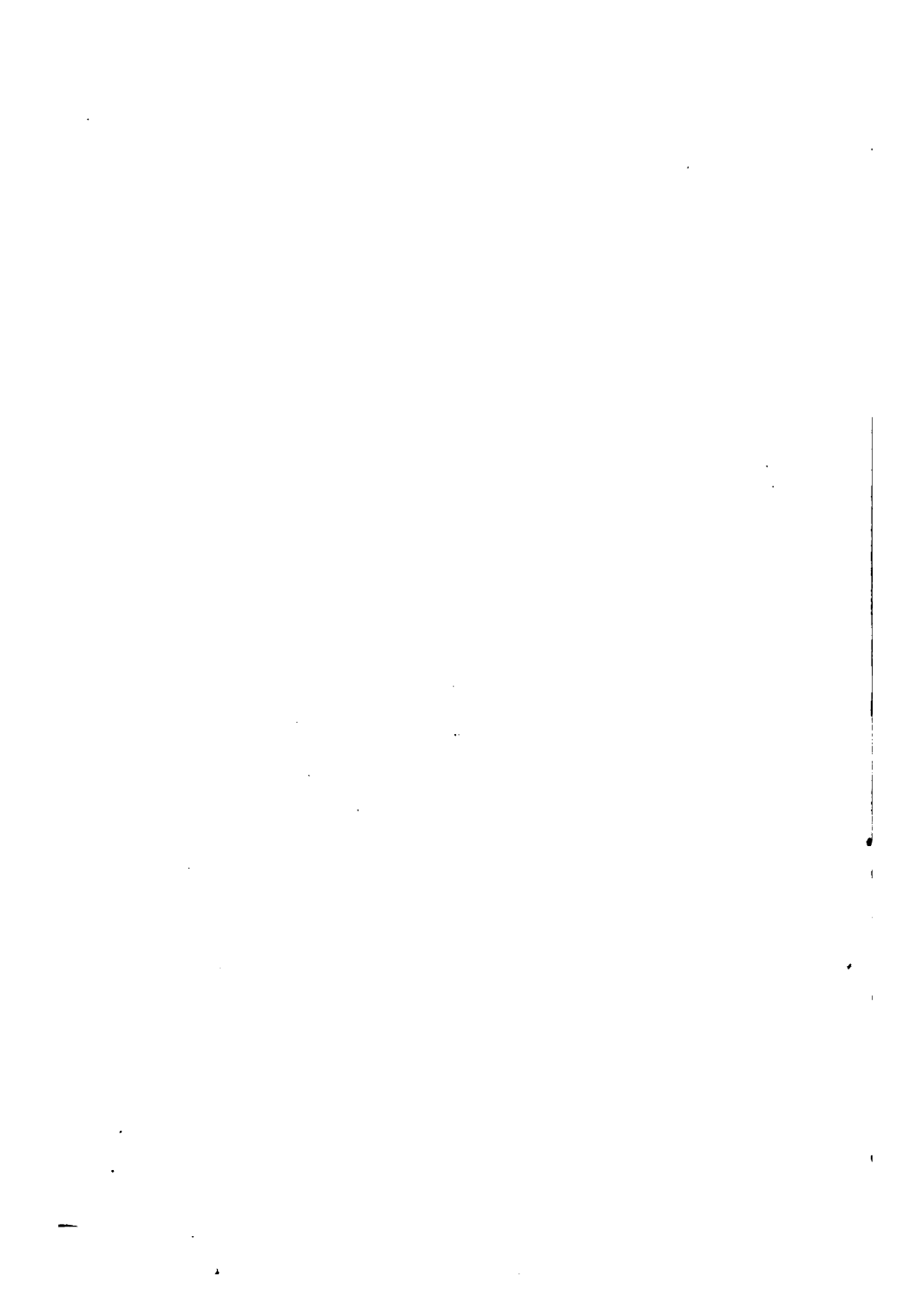
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PREFACE

I have no apologies to offer for these stray waifs of my mind—I did not write them, they just wrote themselves, for oftentimes when Life's duties and responsibilities pressed upon me, these offsprings travailed, and their birth could no more have been suppressed than mortal could quench the power of Divinity. This very fact accounts for these varied children—some in the very slough of despond, some gay and lilting, some mediocre to painfulness, and some on the very mountain top of happiness and ecstasy—they sprang involuntarily and unbidden from the heart in its manifold moods. I lovingly dedicate them to my precious parents, the noble father of whom I was deprived so early in life, and my aged mother who has been my constant companion through life's vicissitudes as well as in its gayer hours.

C. W. I.



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Southern Symphonies

THE LONE STAR STATE.

Texas! Hope of thriving millions—born mid scenes of
war and blood—
Lo! 'tis but the dawn of promise, since you've joined the
sisterhood;
Where so late the roar of cannon waked the San Jacinto's
wave,
Thrift and Peace and glorious Plenty spring o'er Ty-
ranny's low grave.
'Tis the dawn, then hail the noontide, for well know we
it will bring
A rich harvest—noble manhood—for which songs of
gladness sing!
Brightest in the constellation, gem of all the sisterhood,
Titan infant, wondrous offspring, sure, her birth is hailed
for good!
On her broad plains—homes for millions—grow all prod-
ucts of the soil,
Where once dark-faced foes marauded, seeking war and
death and spoil;
From her war-scarred visage rises silent sentinels that
speak
Of the time when sons of Freedom did not spite or ven-
geance wreak,
But without the pomp and glory and the blazonry of war,
Obtained justice—only justice—by the dint of life or
scar!
Where magnolias shed rich fragrance, and the amorous
jessamine blow,

Southern Symphonies

Like a monument to Freedom, stands the blood-stained
Alamo;
Down where rolled the turbid waters, once deep red with
blood of foes,
That old field—let us preserve it—sacred to the thought
of those
Who by sacrifice gave to us this, the Pride of all the
South—
Texas, dark-eyed maid of beauty! ah, each Texan, ope
your mouth
To proclaim your deep devotion, join the Litany so sweet,
Know ye not your patriotism bids you daily to repeat
Your thanksgivings that the blue skies bend above with
promise sure,
That our state may greater grow each day, her record yet
more pure.



LOVE.

Beautiful pilot of Life's great ship, steering the souls
into havens calm,
Shelt'ring from blasts, the freight of souls—mast of the
vessel, a victor's palm.
Laughing at locksmiths and fearing naught; all the world
loves a lover true—
Down from the great white throne of light, cometh this
gift forever new.

Love is the Archimedean lever that moves the Universe
in her daily round,
The author of all that is great and good, answers to
Love as a name renowned.
Love is the key to the hardest heart—love for mankind
and his maker, God.
Over each life in its compass it casts halos where tired
feet have trod.

Southern Symphonies

Mother and home and heaven and love! The glorious
triumph resolve into one,
And Love is the fountain-head of all that is gloriously
beautiful under the sun.
The Courts of Glory resound with love; it emanates from
the Prince of Peace,
And a love supernal lights the way to souls in prison that
know no release.

The master minds of the world have been guided by love
from their Master's heart,
And yearning to spread to a dying world have trans-
ferred His love, of themselves a part.
O, wondrous, glorious, transcendent love! Love as was
shown upon Calvary's brow—
The fulcrum is Heaven, the lever this Love that raises
all souls from Despair's dark slough.



SUMMER DAYS.

Oh, these hazy summer days when e'en Nature, busy
dame,
Seems to weary grow of toiling, with a harvest e'er the
same;
And the drowsy flies grow tired of a constant round of
flight,
And with suicidal intent, drop in ink-wells out of sight.
As my pen I idly lift, with indifference I note
The small lame insects of the air, as in my ink they float.
I share their stupid apathy as I gaze before in space,
"Lazy Lawrences" I sit and watch, moving in an active
race.
I wonder at the energy they each seem to expend,
Each vying with his comrade in the self-same hazy trend.
The buzzing bee sucks lazily the honey from the flower—

Southern Symphonies

But he keeps his reputation, for he travels every hour.
Not a leaf stirs in the greenwood; everything seems indolent;
Flow'rets droop their heads in beauty, having lost their proud intent.
Now, the kine, knee-deep in meadows, passive stand and ruminant,
And mother hens, their small broods call, while they indolently wait.
The grunting swine repose in peace beneath the spreading trees,
The old watchdog lies on the porch, nor aught around he sees.



THE WOOD-FIRE.

In the bright glowing coals to-night I see
Round, funny faces looking at me;
Fantastic figures caper and dance,
And frolic and chase and merrily prance:
Now I see a knight with armor and shield,
Who nobly his sword and his bright lance wield,
And the myriad elfish figures in sight
Must be an army he has to fight.
While I've been writing, the knight has gone,
And the elves have disappeared, one by one,
And the scene has shifted from Fairyland
To our own little cottage and maid and man;
For I see a farmer in hat of straw
Coming to the small cottage where Love's the law,
And in the low vine-covered door there stands
A rustic wife holding out her hands
To the toddling baby who coos, I know,
As he spies her standing to meet them so.
From pastoral scene I've transported been,
And I almost gasp at the wondrous scene—
Majestically regal, the palace grand;

Southern Symphonies

That speaks of some distant foreign land,
For it looks like some fabled castle of old,
With moated gate stormed by soldiers bold,
And out to one side runs the river wide,
Bearing crafts on its restless, heaving tide.
On the canvas of life the scenes so change
From lowly hovel to moated grange,
And the panorama glides swiftly by
From the day of birth to the day we die;
So a lesson the glowing coals would brew,
That the scenes of life are but transient, too.
We play our part on the mighty stage,
We leave an impress on a fair white page,
Then we pass beyond into ashes too,
Just as the glowing coals now do.



MARCH WINDS.

Hurrying, scurrying, dancing and playing,
Howling round corners, and shrieking and braying,
Tossing our bonnets in wilful capricing,
Seizing up leaves, the next moment releasing,
Holding them up to lift papers and corn-blades,
Carrying them over in meadows and high glades;
Singing a requiem o'er the dead season;
Then without policy, kindness, or reason,
Snatching from tiny ones coveted treasures,
Throwing dust up in unlimited measures;
Such bringeth March, but we hail him with gladness,
For he ushers in spring, lovely tyrant of sadness,
Bringing us sunshine and bird-song and flowers,
Grass in the meadows and cool leafy bowers.
Then welcome, old March, with your rollicking capers,
For over old Winter you've lighted the tapers,
And I love you, blest harbinger of the bright springtime,
For you bring treasures rarer than Golconda's gold mine.

Southern Symphonies

THE STARS.

Alone, I gaze at the astral lamps in the great blue
dome above
And wonder if each is a soul that's passed
Thro' sorrows dire and cares that harassed,
Up to the Home of Love.

The sidereal plain is what intervenes between us and
those gone on;
And how I long to be sure that each
Little twinkling light on the great blue beach
Is the radiance from souls that are gone.

As I view the steady, clear light of some, and the
wavering, uncertain flame
From others that stud the great blue dome,
The floor of the myriad angels' home,
Methinks they are all the same.

In degree of joy and the bliss they know in that
home where they passed one day.
Ah, well, what matter, just so we see
The City Four-Square and the Crystal Sea,
And may dwell in those realms away.



THE BUSY LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.

Two bright eyes peep in a cunning way, and a sharp in-
quisitive nose I see,
And little thin whiskers stand out to warn of any danger
that near may be.

Southern Symphonies

Hunting and searching each corner and nook, smelling
for nice bits of cake or bread,
With small pointed ears alert to each sound, and a wise
little gray-furred busy head,
Out from a hole he peeps, but darts back, for the frolic-
some kitten is chasing near,—
Once again he ventures to come clear out, but he capers
back with just cause for fear,
For the staid old mother cat dozing sits and seems asleep,
but her half-shut eyes
The sharp little bead-like peepers see and the fact to
ignore he deems not wise.
Vain are his efforts all thro' the day to obtain the tiniest
bit of a crumb,
But when kindly darkness envelopes the room, and all
fright'ning noises seem to be dumb,
The swift little creature in coat of gray is heard as he
hurries and scurries about,
Seeking the one meal a day he gets, and he works with
never a quarrel or pout.
Tho' his frail little life in the balance hangs, he is ever
cheerful with whisking gait,
And if no dinner or supper he gets, he scampers and plays
while compelled to wait.
Some nice little girls and boys, I ween, might learn a
lesson, for oft they flout
When the tiniest little request's refused; or if they're
crossed they go off and pout.



THE COURAGE OF PETER.

"I go a fishing," said Peter one day,
When his life's dearest hopes had all vanished away;
What courage it took to resume the old life,
After bright dreams that so long had been rife.

Southern Symphonies

More courage, my brother, it taketh to go
Back to the walks of the humble, the low,
Than to face regiments, scorers, and pain—
Back in the old place to calmly remain.

Will you go back to the boats and the nets,
After the Star of Prosperity sets?
Will you face calmly, with courage sublime,
Adversity's waves on the rough shores of Time?



OPPORTUNITY.

Oh, the precious moments wasted by the heedless thought-
less horde,
By the children, all unmindful of the treasures for them
stored;
Youthful minds capacitated for a work that ne'er will die,
Dormant lie, and see not near them golden chances pass-
ing by.

Brains, that used, might stir a nation, would they wake
from sluggish sleep;
Oh, ye mighty God arouse them from their lethargy so
deep!
Send some arrow sharp and piercing, take from blinded
eyes the scales,
Make them see the need of action, help them hear the
sighs and wails!

There are millions now in bondage of the monster Ignor-
ance,
Thrust before them need of purpose, stronger far than
sword or lance!
Let us gather up life's jewels, brighter than Golconda's
far,
Hours of gold, and diamond minutes, set with Heaven's
knowledge star.

Southern Symphonies

Know ye not the talent given, He will call for from your
hand,
And if it has lain inactive, usury He will demand?
Ah, to heaven's great Jehovah, we must answer for each
hour
Idly spent—devoid of purpose—answer for all wasted
power.

Oh, how grave the trend of millions, for a reckoning day
will come
When we all will be confronted with a bright or doleful
doom,
But, methinks, the sharpest pang felt will be when we
view the souls
We might once have helped, uplifted, had we pressed to
worthy goals.

Then Remorse, relentless vulture, at our souls will gnaw
for aye,
Just for golden hours wasted, diamond moments thrown
away!
Oh, arouse from sleep, ye dreamers; wake to action, don't
delay!
Shirk not your own bounden duty, work while yet 'tis
day, I pray.



WINTRY SHEEN.

Leaden skies are bending o'er me, gray the spectral trees
around,
Brown or gray the earth below me—e'en the wind beats
sombre sound.
Bare my rose-vines, gone my flowers—nothing cheerful,
bright, or fair,
Minutes blend into dull hours—Winter strokes her own
gray hair.

Southern Symphonies

All the earth is moaning, sighing,—I am no exception,
too,—
But I know that all this dying, speaks of life transcend-
ent, new.



CONTENTMENT.

There will one day be a dawning in this darksome vale
of tears,
In the heart, an innate longing, interspersed by hours of
fears,
Teaches beyond doubt that somewhere there's a goal,—
we know not where,—
Where the hungry heart is sated by ambrosial fruits so
rare.

Life so tame, will reach its zenith, ere we leave the shores
of Time,
Ah! methinks the day approaches in each life—a day
sublime—
When to pluck the golden fruitage—life's strange channel
will be lamed
On the restless, turbid waters, "Peace be still!" will be
proclaimed.

Sweet Contentment! gem by monarchs ever sought but
undefined,
The mirage in life's great desert, strong delusion of the
mind.
'Tis a farce—this Launfal searching—in this vale naught
doth abound
That will quench the thirst we're nursing—calm Content
is nowhere found.

But this all-consuming longing, we interpret as a sign,
That one day the misty future will its secrets all divine;

Southern Symphonies

But if here or the hereafter holds the Mecca of soul—rest,
We know not, and yet will know not and our souls are
yet depressed.

But we know the veil between us and the place for which
we yearn,
Will be lifted; the Shekinah, we will by-and-by discern,
And sweet Peace (oh, priceless jewel!) will be ours thro'
endless day,
And we'll bask in fields Elysian, and Contentment know
always.



HIS BLESSINGS.

I count, nor tire in counting, God's many blessings rare,
He sheds upon the ingrates who all His bounty share;
The warm firesides in winter, with the fire's ruddy glow,
When Nature's robes of purity doth shroud the world
below.

The sparkling rills and rivers that wind like silver threads,
Thro' thirsty vales or mountains, along their pebbly beds,
Refreshing beasts and gardens for man's abounding joy,
And furnishing him a beverage to fiery thirst destroy.

The nectar of Olympia with it will not compare,
Nor can man's loveliest paintings wear the tints that
Nature wears;
The kindly clouds bend o'er us to shield from Sol's fierce
rays,
Again the orb of day comes forth to shine his Maker's
praise.

The gentle dew and sunshine bring up the whispering
grass,
The flowers and the leaflets small are given a "free pass";

Southern Symphonies

Then wave the fields all golden with the luscious fruits
and grain,
That hold out tempting armfuls from which we can't
refrain.

The cattle on the hillsides afford a bounty rich;
We see a copious blessing in every tiny niche;
A kindly, loving Father sends joys and pleasures rare,
And yet we seldom bless the Powers that life for us they
spare.

He paints each tiny floweret, the Heavens show artists'
skill
Such as no genius rivals; and when He wisely will,
He sends afflictions on us, but they're blessing in disguise,
To draw us nearer Heaven and fit us for the skies.



VAGUE HINTS OF SPRING.

A breeze as soft as Heaven's lightest kiss, I feel,
A growth perceptible since yester eve;
I see out 'mongst the leaves in Nature's bower,
In satin petal of the tiniest flower,
This morn the plant life doth so sadly grieve,
Or else 'tis tears of joy upon their faces coy,
Conviction that 'tis spring, doth o'er me steal.

Ah, glorious Season! full of beauty rare and sweet,
I wonder are there souls cast in such moulds,
As never see such beauty as I see,
As millions have seen, who have lived before me,
If to their dormant spirit ne'er unfolds,
These dreams of joy, naught can destroy,
All pregnant, from the season I now greet.

Southern Symphonies

The whispering of myriad voices come to me,
Upon the cool Hesperian morning breeze,
And all unite in one sweet song of praise,
That through all of the long succeeding days,
Tho' dead leaves scattered lie upon the leas
Nature will strive daily to please and keep alive,
By gracious gifts each little flower and tree.

With just a hint of what has passed away,
And even vaguer of what is in store,
The morning sun steals from the Orient,
And ere the day is spent,
(I feel no surfeit, but I pray)
Or his immutable race, gives him his 'customed place,—
I pray to-morrow may be just such day.

And answered is the plea—at stated hour
The next morn Aurora opes the gates of day,
And out leaps the same chariot of light,
And brings to my glad sight,
The evidence that my petition won.
I'm glad and sing, and thro' the arbors ring,
"Another spring day comes to bird and flower!"



AH, SOUL, CONTENT THYSELF AWHILE.

Ah, Soul, that longest to be free, I pray,
Content thyself awhile, while Nature doth beguile,
Bidding thee shun the Siren's treacherous wile.
She holds out charms to thee, this fair spring day,
And bids thee look from earth to heaven away,
Where spring lasts alway and naught can defile.

My restless spirit views the scene around,
The trees in holy love, look to the One above,

Southern Symphonies

The little wood flowers adoration prove,
For Him from whom all beauty doth abound;
The feathered residents of forest home all sing, in joyous
glad acclaim,
To praise the Mighty Name; combined with Nature, they
do all proclaim,
And make the verdant woodland loudly ring.

Then why should I one thrill of doubting feel
That He will lead aright, onto the Fields of Light,
Where bloom and bird-song cheer the throngs in white?
In answer, sweet Content doth o'er me steal,
I would 'twas always so, and life was spring,
But then grim Winter's snow, its chill we feel below,
Will make more welcome what He'll there bestow,
And Spring eternal, will deep rapture bring.



SOUL LONGINGS.

Somehow the tedium of the day seemed greater than any
before,
And down the long vista, far away, no brighter there
seemed in store.
How my poor soul yearned for a glimpse of light—
Not the light of the sun or moon—
But the glorious effulgence that clears away night
From the brain—oh, the priceless boon!

The manifold cares how they pressed me down, and I
longed to fore'er escape,
And soar beyond Duty's inexorable frown, and the voice
of its stern harsh mate;
But ere my longing could be fulfilled,
I heard the sound of a still small voice,
"Ah, Child, let this truth in your heart be instilled,
And afterward you will rejoice,—

Southern Symphonies

Know ye not that each burden will lighter grow,
And each care rise on wings of Love,
If you do what before you lies below,
Keeping weary eyes fixed above?"



THEY WILL COME BACK AGAIN.

Bleak are the trees, for the sear leaves have fallen,
Sodden the earth from the cold, cheerless rain,
Hushed are the bird-songs; the flowers now bloom not,
But, ah, rejoice for they'll all come again.

Stripped of their fruitage, the plants of the broad farms,
Useless are now, tho' they with us remain,
Now all is silent where harvest songs rang out,
But we rejoice for they'll all come again.

So when the Death Angel took our heart's idol,
Up to the Land free from winter and pain,
After the first anguished sorrow was over,—
Realized we, she would greet us again.

There mid the transport of Springtime Eternal,
What was sowed here in corruption and pain,
We shall greet there with a pure bliss supernal,
There all her beauty, we'll bask in again.



A DISMAL DAY.

The day's a type of what my life has been,
So dismal, drear, and sad,—
This day with not one ray of light between
To make me glad.

Southern Symphonies

Shut in by prison bars—the dolorous rain
Beats a tattoo of woe;
Each drop, defiant, wrings my soul with pain,
That life is so.
No gloom so dense as awful soul starvation,
The future darker still—
And sorrows come in regular gradation,
But never kill.
Such hours but woo me to invite a calm death,
But life is rife;
I pray that soon will come life's fleeting last breath,
To end soul strife.
The taunting raindrops whisper of the flowers,
Pregnant with Love,
A passing dream comes of the summer bowers—
Where fairies rove;
I strangle out the traitor to life's dark thoughts,
And fain would nurse
Regret, the satyr, Nature hath so long fought,
His forces to disburse.
Why let sweet Hope now enter in untrammelled?
Despair hath reigned
With iron sway and in my heart hath gamboled,
Long unrestrained.
Frail human nature, sophister of what is,
A pessimist severe,
I love the dark and harp on clouds that once were,
When none are here.
The falling jewels from Heaven's sombre curtains,
My soul depress,
With thoughts of Past, that doth my spirit burden,
By their impress;
But let me look and see the promised sunshine,
So soon to come,
And with a trust unfaltering, claim it as mine,
While here I roam.
The densest clouds, the sunlight soon will sever,
Each lonely heart to sate;—

Southern Symphonies

The optimist sees light without endeavor—
Help me to emulate,
Then dreary days may be a boon or blessing,
To help and cheer,
Instead of burdening with thoughts depressing,
The way will clear.



THE MILK-WEED.

Snug in a cradle of whitish green,
The coziest cradle that ever was seen,
Some tiny wee babies lie asleep,
Out to the daylight they never peep.

Each baby is wrapped in a cloak of brown—
No queen ever wore a daintier gown,
And the funniest thing I've yet to say,
Soon these babies will fly away.

Don't laugh—but the fun is coming soon—
Each baby's cloak is a light balloon;
And downy wings of feathery white
Will carry the babies out of sight.

The babies will snooze through the winter cold,
And then they will peep through the dark brown mold,
And will grow and grow till they're tall and green.
I wonder if you have these babies seen?



DESPAIR.

Life is to me a cheerless, bleak Sahara,
Like Noah's dove, my weary feet seek rest,
I look behind and then before and wonder,
If rough's the way, as what my feet have pressed.

Southern Symphonies

I yearn, I cry, I pray for solace somewhere,
I seek, but find no lasting peace of mind;
Where is a surcease of this gnawing heart thirst?
Where is a quiet Mecca, I may find?

Dark is the Past, the Future void of sunlight!
Naught to allure, the way with shadows drear,
No rays can pierce the lurid Stygian midnight,
That now envelopes all that once was dear.

I toil, I struggle to escape the talons
Of dark Despair, whose sharp beak in my heart
Is rending daily; and demoniac laughter
Thrills thro' my soul, and terror doth impart.

Where can my tear-dimmed eyes see rays of promise?
To me the future's darker than the past.
Must I forever bear this torturing anguish?
Must this deep yearning, too, forever last?

All music on my ears is wails of anguish,
In minor keys, that cause the tears to flow—
The perfume from the flowers calls up sad memories,
Of those now lost to those who dwell below.

A child's laugh sometimes sounds like a death gurgle,
The sunlight slants across the graves of those
Whom long ago I loved, and they, too, loved me,—
Ah! ev'ry flow'ret seems to mock my woes.

I can see nothing that will cheer my pathway,—
Hope, long since dead, will never resurrect—
No Easter to the dreams of early childhood,
No hand, my gloomy pathway to direct.

I dream not of a bourne of earthly sorrow,
I fear the future, and the past detest,
The croaking raven mocking on my threshold,
Will gloat to know, my spirit hath no rest.

Southern Symphonies

The sand in life's slow hour-glass is passing,
Eternity, that sure, uncertain place
Is looming now before, with threat'ning aspect;
That fact glares forth, I cannot it erase.

Oh, must my weary soul forever wander,
Like Jews that have no nation and no home?
Must I forever here and then hereafter,
Nurse the sharp biting heartaches all alone?

I close my lips and fain would drop my eyelids,
Shutting out all, and deaf, too, I would be,
But dark relentless Fate waves sable pinions,
That will be felt—she will not baffled be.

I yearn for Lethæan waters for my parched lips,—
How sweet 'twould be to sleep a dreamless sleep!
A sleep that nevermore would know awaking—
All heartaches o'er, eyes nevermore to weep.

But I must bear the grim and awesome burden,
I know not if its pangs will e'er be o'er,
Perchance in space, my weary soul may wander,
When flight is taken from this dismal shore.



TEXAN SOLDIERS.

Regal Queen of southern Statehood,
Youngest offspring of the brave,
Meriting the noblest manhood,
That each nation ever gave;
Not dimensions, all we measure,
But we point with pard'n'ble pride,
To our state's sublimest treasure—
To her sons who bravely died—

Southern Symphonies

Died that shackles might be riven,
From the state they loved so well;
Died that tyrants might be driven—
That posterity might tell
In Freedom's holy soft white light,
Of the death-throes of the foe,
Who on our soil had deigned to fight,
But by freemen were laid low.
From the northern fields of plenty,
To the gold sands of the south,
From the Hesperian wind-swept border,
To the Sabine's widening mouth,
May each one fore'er remember,
To whom all the praise is due,
Be it April or December—
Let us laud their names anew!



JONNIE.

'Twas in the solemn hush of darksome night,
When angels bore her gentle spirit home;
Like to themselves was her fair soul so bright,
Meet they should waft her past Heaven's clear blue
dome.

She was so young, so fair, so wondrous sweet,
Tempests of life she'd never felt or known—
Flowers had ever bloomed for her young feet—
But when they plucked our flower our hearts were
lone.

So desolate, so sad, but Him we thanked,
That she was garnered in the summer sun,
When flowers around and 'bove her, loved ones banked,
A flower amidst her flowers—our precious one.

Southern Symphonies

THE MOCKING-BIRD LOVER.

With the mocking-bird's trill I awoke,
As he swung on the casement, and rolled
His liquid melody—Love it spoke
And the tale of a Cupid told.

With a coquettish toss of his head,
He was off with a flutter and song—
Like a point of gray in the blue o'erhead—
Rapturous notes as he sped along.

In a trice came he back with his mate,
The modest gray maid of his choice,
And he trilled her a song—such as oped Heaven's gate,
Causing cherubim to rejoice.

A passionate lover of melting song,
His soul into music poured;
Ah, he reached her heart with his wooing long,
With melody in his throat stored.

Ere the day had ripened to hazy noon,
In my nodding rose-vine near,
The fruit of their labor bespoke them soon,
A home for their nestlings dear.



TO MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.

Wonderful "Witch o' the Laughing South,"
Queen of Song, bred of noblest braves,
Ages ago put the words in thy mouth,
Talent that lives o'er thy ancestor's graves;

Southern Symphonies

Poetic fires in thy grandsire's heart,
Finding a passionate vent to-day;
Out from the soul of posterity,
Doth long-quenched genius find its way.

Ye have a dower that few can boast—
Sprung from a fountain head pure and strong—
Chivalry, Genius, Truth, and Love—
Small wonder your soul o'erflows in song.

Deep in the graves of your being's source
Lies a contempt for deceit and lies;
To-day, the beautiful flower that springs,
Bears fragrance of Truth that never dies.



LOVE DAYS.

They come back again—those days ago;
Love was young and my heart aflame.
'Tis sweetest music when I'm alone,
To whisper—just breathe—thy long-silent name.
But 'tis painful joy, dear heart.

I can see the old sweet light in your eyes,
As you gave me a daisy-spray
And murmured, "Sweetheart, their beauty dies;
Kiss me, none will know but they
And they'll never tell, Sweetheart."

(Ah, those snowy petals so like my love,
And their gold eyes so like its worth;
Methinks they are shining far up above,
To remind my heart of its dearth.
But it cannot forever be.)

Southern Symphonies

Oh, Eros, you will stray back again,
Some day bring a message sweet,
That will repay me for all the pain
I have borne, that hath seemed not meet.
Thy return, dear, will gladden me.



THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

O'er the endless plains the sun rose, on a scene sublimely
great,
'Twas the natal day of Freedom of the grand old Lone
Star State.
On the banks of San Jacinto hosts of dark-faced foe-
men stood,
Waiting—aye, eagerly thirsting—for the noble Texan's
blood;
Vince's Bridge, the hope of thousands, now is down—to
God they look—
And our men tho' weak in numbers, will no timorous
halting brook.
"We will now meet Santa Anna and his veteran troops,
my men,"
✓ Called the clarion voice of Houston. Joy too deep for
brush or pen
To portray by word or painting, shone from faces toward
the foe,
Butchers of their friends and loved ones—see how eagerly
they go!
"Forward! March!" no second bidding needed is, to urge
them on,
Silently their preparations are completed. Now they're
gone.
Forward to meet fiendish soldiers—men who're fighting
'neath the lash—
In sweet sleep, secure they're dreaming—aye, but not of
the sharp crash

Southern Symphonies

Soon to fall in fury 'round them, bringing death in ghastly
form,
Sleep on Sons of Montezuma, 'tis the lull before the
storm!
Music cheered not Houston's army. Did they need it?
Need you ask?
Tho' their lives hang in the balance—'tis a sweet, a wel-
come task!
When they see around, before them, butchers of their
loved, but slain,
Fierce the long-quelled cry for vengeance rang out as one
long refrain.
Hear him shout—our worthy Sherman—"Remember the
old Alamo,
And Goliad," those fields of slaughter, where brave sol-
diers were laid low,
And where tyrants dealt out murder, bare and heinous
to our men,—
That incentive pushed them forward. Had it been a
demon's den
They'd have gone within the portals to wreak vengeance;
for their blood
Boiled hot now with righteous anger, as before them
shrinking stood
Santa Anna and his vassals. See them as the fight
began,
Hand to hand in deadly conflict—copiously the foe's blood
ran!
On their knees they fell and pleaded, "Me no Alamo," but
we fear,
"Me no Goliad!" was unheeded, as they saw before them
—near—
Those who'd known no word like mercy, and who'd
slaughtered those they loved
Now, their martyrs, paid they tribute, now, pure loyalty
they proved.
The scene changes—fighting soldiers turning flee, in dire
dismay,

Southern Symphonies

To the turbid San Jacinto—Right and Houston hold the
day!
Then ensued a scene of carnage such as war alone can
paint,
Shrieking, bleeding, wounded, dying—faint their cries
grow and more faint—
From it all there springs an offspring, born in blood mid
scenes of strife—
LIBERTY of Texas freemen—perfect LIBERTY, thro'
life.



LIFE'S RECOMPENSE.

I've stood by myriad graves and seen entombed
My cherished ones, my life's fond hopes and aims,
And oft where mirage pleasures danced and gleamed,
I, for the seeking, have found griefs and pains.

I've seen Hope's star rise bright and wondrous fair,
But set 'mid Disappointment's lurid clouds;
I've seen the radiant robes of Peace and Joy,
So oft give place to grievous sombre shrouds.

I've plucked pale flowers for happy nuptial scenes,
But 'ere their fragrance Hymen's altar knew,
Their beauty shone upon a loved one's bier,
The while I holy Resignation woo.

Ah, I have strained my aching ears to hear
Some joyous note, but caught a funeral dirge—
Oh, I have stood beside tempestuous seas,
While round and o'er me, waves of trial surged.

Ah, well, this life is filled with such, I know,
But in the end a recompense awaits,
And fullness for the disappointments here,
I'll find when I pass through the Pearly Gates.

Southern Symphonies

HARSH WORDS—THEY ARE BEST UNSAID.

There are harsh, hasty words I have spoken to-day, there
are kind words left unsaid,
And somehow, the heartaches they have brought to me,
are as sharp as the pangs for the dead.
And why not feel the same keen pain? The privilege,
dead, will ne'er live again.

There were words that cut like a two-edged knife, and
the wound they made was deep,
And the silence that followed increased the sting; ah, well,
what we sow we must reap.
The tears of others occasioned by me, I will reap tho' it be
in eternity.

When by a slight or a thoughtless deed, the seeds of dis-
cord and woe I sow,
Like Dragon's teeth, they will spring again and manifold,
I must see them grow.
As surely as water doth flow down hill; so surely doth
Nature this lesson instil.

If I sow to the wind, I the whirlwind must reap, and how
sharply my heart-strings draw day by day,
As by unkind deed, or omitted act, I with prickly nettles
pave my way.
How sweet the solace when at opportune time, I check
some rising impulse of mine.

'Tis a wonderful thing to be able to do, even half, at sun-
set, we wish we had done,
But infinitely greater it is to live, with harsh words un-
spoken, harsh deeds undone,
The comfort therefrom, is greater far, and besides, to my
crown, it adds one bright star.

Southern Symphonies

DOWN IN THE LONE STAR STATE.

Down in the Lone Star State I left a little home,
Long years have come and gone since I began to roam,
But my dear old mother's words, ah, I'll remember e'er,
"Trust God, in youth, my child, and hold His precepts dear."

My mother's counsel has kept me from wrong,
Full many times when temptings were strong,
I seemed to see her angel face look sad,
And to me came her words when as a lad;
I heard her say, "Trust God, in youth, my child,
And hold His precepts dear," was undefiled.

I'll wander back again to that old southern home,
I'll stand where mother sleeps; she'll hear my anguished
moan.

Oh, angels, tell her, please, I've kept her counsel pure,
She has not cause for shame, her words will e'er endure.



SUNSET.

Grotesque shapes in Western skies, pile up mountain high,
Monstrous fleecy banks of clouds hide the azure sky;
There's a giant with a club, ready to destroy
Any who dare cross his path—little girl or boy.
While my glance has been away, he has melted down,
And a flock of snowy sheep there are lying down;
Soon the pastoral scene is gone, now a throne's in sight,
With a monarch seated on, wielding rod of might,
But his reign is brief, I ween, for him supersede

Southern Symphonies

Harvesters; the grain they glean, in the golden mead.
The scene shifts so rapidly I cannot conceive,
All the landscapes and queer forms, that my pen must
leave,

So I sit and sate my soul in the beauteous scene,
Knowing as the hours roll naught can intervene
'Twixt the others, who like me, see thy beauty rare,
You can speak to such as we, words none others dare.



LET ME GO.

Day by day thy face grows thinner,
Day by day, thy eyes lose light,
Day by day 'tis forced upon me,
Thou must vanish from my sight.

And my heart seems slowly breaking,
With a grief beyond my power,—
Pray for me, my fading angel,
In this bitter, anguished hour.

Ask the Father of the Homeland,
Where your weary feet are bent,
To sustain me in this hour,—
Pray His succor may be sent.

For I fear myself, my Mother,
Life without thee—oh, my God!
At he thought, my poor brain staggers!
Help me pass beneath this rod!

Dark the way I see before me,
Darker than a Stygian night;
Ah, an awful struggle, Mother,—
Who will conquer in this fight?

Southern Symphonies

Desperation seems to seize me;
Can I live without thee near?
No, a thousand noes are shouted,
'Tis an issue that I fear.

Just the thought of life's Sahara,
Bleak and dismal, drear and lone,
When you leave me, oh, my Mother,
When by Death your love's withdrawn,

Causes in my soul a prayer,
For release from life's dark woe,
In the narrow home, my Mother,
Where you go, there let me go!

Live without thee?—oh, my Father,
Let me die before that hour!
When I see her eyes glazed over,
See Death in his cruel power.

She is all on earth I've cherished,
Brother, sister, ne'er I've known,
When she's gone—oh, God of Heaven!
I will be alone, alone!

Then again I plead a release,
From the galling thread of life,
Let me go with my old mother,
Out beyond this pain and strife.



TO MISS JESSIE WILBURN ON HER BIRTHDAY.

(February 12)

Good Friend, may the years be kind to thee,
May they touch your brow as light as the fall
Of the soft, white snow-flakes that in this month
Spread a white mantle over all.

Southern Symphonies

May your ebon locks not soon be touched,
By the foam from the surging waves of Time,
And when it approaches in years to come,
May your life be rich with deeds sublime.

May your youthful years be fraught with joy,
And realized dreams you've not cherished long,
May you grow old gracefully—bye-and-bye,
And your later years be one grand, sweet song.

I would only pray you may ever know,
Friends whose hearts hold as warm a place,
As mine holds for you, my dear young friend,
With your bright young mind and your winsome grace.

Tho' born in the land of magnolias and flowers,
A strange coincidence, it doth appear,—
That the idol of all the doting North,
Should on this day make his advent here.

Birthdays the same, may your two lives bear
A resemblance only in good deeds done,
In ambition that reaches its highest goal,
In battles fought and in victories won.

But its vicissitudes may you escape,
And know but enough of its rain and snow,
To make the sunshine a welcome guest,
And meet Love's warmth with a welcome glow.



THE TEXAS HEROES.

On our broad, rich verdant prairies,
In the days when Houston stood
A god 'mongst men of brain and brawn—
When our land was rich with blood,

Southern Symphonies

When heroes graced not halls of fame,
But lived in huts for homes,
And the Redskin with his matchless skill,
O'er Texas prairies roamed—

In those first days the Lone Star State,
A giant infant spread
From north to south, from east to west,—
A land where brave men bled.

How much we owe these gods of war,
The Alamo's brave son,
The San Jacinto heroes staunch,
Whose work was nobly done;

For their posterity they reared
A state in which we feel
A pride in which none can compete—
An altar where we kneel;

That altar is the fireside gem;
It shines all calm, serene,
It is the magic words, "Sweet Home,"
Which make of life a dream.

How seldom think we of the toil,
These giants bold and brave,
Bore for us in the battle roar,
Bore even to the grave.

The turbid San Jacinto waves,
The Alamo's grim wall,
As silent sentinels now stand,
Their brave deeds to recall.

All honor to the sacred dead,
Whose deeds we'll ne'er forget,
Nor would we, in the next to come,
Let Memory's sun e'er set.

Southern Symphonies

Each year we'll blazon out their lives
To generations new,
Recount their valiant deeds of war,
A war for justice, too.

Let none unpatriotic grow,
Rekindle patriot love,
And reverence for heroes true,
Whose souls now rest above.

They sowed in tears, we reap in joy,
We are of them a part,
The off'rings of our fathers' brave,—
We are proud of patriot heart.



MOTHER'S BEAUTY.*

Every furrow on my mother's face bears for me a beauty
sweet and pure,
Every silver thread in her black hair means to me a grace
that will endure.
Tho' to others dim may seem her eyes, but to me their
lustre ne'er will pale,
For they glow with love for me, her child, and reflect
from that beyond the vale.
Stooped the form once lithe and so erect, bowed above
me oft in life it has been,
So the grace of Mercy's deeds fulfilled lends a beauty
only in age seen.
Ah, but her great heart old Time will ne'er touch by a
defacing marring hand,
And its beauty glows on her sweet face, as she stands upon
the borderland.

Southern Symphonies

SPRING SONG.

How swiftly spring encroaches,
And the bare trees take on green,
Such rapid transformation only seen,
When stealthy spring approaches.

Dark are the woods, inviting,
And on every side is seen,
Softest, darkest, deepest green—
Admiration deep, exciting.

How I love the usher season,
For the joys that come between,
For its balmy soothing mien,
For all things that hint at reason.



MALICIOUS TONGUES.

Creeping in, like a thing of evil,
Insinuating her stealthy folds
Around the very hearts that have trusted,—
Daily obtaining a stronger hold;
By soft caresses and flattery language,
She wields a power that alone belongs
To one who is aided by evil genii,
Who rejoice only in sins and wrongs.
Poisoning minds and rending heart-ties,
Planning things that are hard to meet,
Half-way false and but half veracious,
Which have few weapons that will defeat.
Severing bonds that were born in Heaven,

Southern Symphonies

Malicious tongue, ye have done dire work,
But all relentless, ye still plan anguish
And heartaches for others—ye never shirk.
I wonder oftentimes if ye fear no reck'ning;
Know ye not that the work you've done
Will bring retribution, swift and dreadful?
Some day your sinful race will be run.
Ah, do you not shrink from the contemplation,
Of ruined lives and the homes you've wrecked,
With which you will one day be confronted?
Do you not shudder when you reflect?



TO A DEAR FRIEND.

May your life have just enough of the labors of the earth,
Running on its varied way, to make you rejoice in play;
In the sunshine or the rain either, may it be all gain.
In the many paths of life never murmur at the strife.
Good will one day spring and grow, rugged tho' the ways
below;
And if satisfaction pleads, myriad flowers grow midst
weeds.



MY VIOLETS.

Yester eve at witching hour, after sank in the golden
west
The great sire of light and beauty to his well-earned,
timely rest,
I stood just beside a queer bed with its coverlet of green,
And as I peeped 'neath the covers little faces there were
seen—

Southern Symphonies

Looking up into my own eyes. How I wish you'd been
there, too,
These small firstlings were so dainty, with gold eyes and
faces blue.
Tho' the first of spring and autumn, modest, lovely, and
demure,
How we love their fragrant beauty, never bold but sweet
and pure.

Harbingers of bleak, cold Winter, when from out the pure,
cold snow
Oft they peep and whisper to us of that season we shall
know,
When the snow melts and the bird-songs wake with trills
in trees now bare,
And the glad earth sings and blossoms, content takes the
place of care.

In the soul there'll be awakenings; Springtime resurrects
the dead;
Hopes, ambitions, aims, and bright dreams live again, tho'
now they're fled.
In that season, too, my violets will look up from the
brown mold
With their faces sweet, to cheer me with their hearts
of purest gold.



A FORETASTE.

There oft comes to me a sweet vision of a city that lieth
four-square,
With streets of pure gold, and its glories transport me
with their beauty rare,
Neither moon nor the sun light the city, for no gloom ever
reaches within,
And no sorrow or death-pall e'er settle in that city exempt
from all sin.

Southern Symphonies

Tho' none there are given in marriage, the husband will
claim his fair bride,
And brother and sister united shall stand and with father
and mother abide.
The sweet little burst of pure sunshine whose fingers
had twined round our heart,
And was torn, leaving arms, oh, so empty, we'll meet
again, never to part.

Ah, is it not worth all life's struggles to reach such a calm
serene home?
Tho' the heartaches here seem beyond bearing, Christian,
surcease will to each of us come,
Then the dreams we now cherish in visions will be full
of completeness we'll know,
And we'll know as we're known, and we'll meet face to
face, all the loved ones we've cherished below.



THERE ARE DAYS AND DAYS.

There are days in the cycle of life; there are days when
the very heart seems dead;
There are days when all Nature seems to weep, and clouds
obscure the bright rays o'er head.
There are days when our friends seem unloving and cold,
and naught seems to greet with a joyous smile,
There are days when the pleasant woodland walks weary,
and seem to stretch mile on mile;
Again there are days when we see bright joy and love-lit
faces we greet each hour,
And the glorious orb swings in majesty, sending bright
rays as a lovely dower.
The flowers seem vying in fragrance sweet, and beauteous
shades blend together their hues,

Southern Symphonies

And all Nature sings her anthems of praise, and in her
great cauldron rich odor brews.
But then how monotonous would it grow, were it always
sun or always shade,
And the flowers would lose all their beauty rare, if always
they were on dress parade.
The music of spheres we could never hear, were ears
forever acute to sound,
And the smiles of our friends would far more than sate,
if we met ne'er a sober face or a frown.
What a wondrous Providence willed it so, a mixture of
sunshine and clouds and rain,
Spans with a bow of promise bright the heavens, and we
forget labor and pain.
Only those who have lived in dearth know all the ex-
quisite bliss of wealth,
Only those who have writhed in pain, know all the price-
less value of health.
Tears make the eyes discernment more clear, and the
vision longer and prescient, I know,
And the heart that has felt sorrow's anguished pangs, feel-
eth more deeply another's woe;
Then when the tide turns and joys o'erflow the heart long
crushed; oh, how sweet the grace!
And where once dirges and wails were heard, Anthems
and praises fill the place.



OPTIMISM.

Somehow, I've a lurking notion that the best is yet in
store,
In the way of arts and letters and deep and scholarly
lore;
I believe the sweetest music is yet to be written and sung,
The finest pictures not yet conceived, grandest sculpturing
not yet done.

Southern Symphonies

When the monarch of princely power greets the master
 of finer art,
'Tis but royalty meeting royalty, and they should greet
 heart to heart.
I know all the royal blue blood has not flowed from the
 veins of man,
And what the past has produced in men, can and will come
 to light again;
There will be a grand awakening from lethargic stupor
 and rest,
And giants of intellectual power will again give the world
 their best.



THE RED-BIRD.

A red bird in the boughs of yon rose-vine,
 Has woven her a neat and cozy home,
Such grace and skill in handling twig and twine,
 We see displayed by feathered tribe alone.

Old Mother Red-Bird modestly flits by,
 And works with industry and skilful grace,
While noisy, pompous papa sitting nigh,
 Conceited Sire! is chattering in her face.

His flashing eyes and scolding tongue combine,
 To intimidate his quiet little dame,
His jaunty air and ruddy coat define
 The father bird—the sovereign to remain.

Mrs. Red-Bird sits demurely on her nest,
 Content that she can serve her mighty lord,
He, condescending, sits and sings his best,
 Then flits away with one short farewell word.

In spite of vanity and lordly air,
 He is a loyal lover to his spouse,

Southern Symphonies

He searches for choice bugs and ripe grains rare,
In fields where horse and kine doth gently browse.

His cheery, "Get up, boys! Get up! Get up!"
He whistles from the gnarled old tree hard by,
But when his offspring doth him interrupt,
He brings their repast with no sluggish sigh.

The lovely feathered dwellers of the air,
Methinks, will flit in yonder Home of blue,
Within that city which doth lie four-square,
Where only live the pure, the good, the true.



TO MRS. VICTORIA STANDLEY.

Beautiful life full of rare Christian graces,
Age hath a charm on thy fair benign brow,
Time hath dealt kindly, for thou hast lived nobly,
Rich are the thoughts which thy great soul endow.

Filled with good deeds, must have been thy life's morning,
Calm and serene is its fair eventide,
Ready to cover all vices with virtues,
Wont to commend, not condemn or deride.

Casting out bitterness, malice, or hatred,
Remembering the love, that is Christ-like indeed,
Warring triumphantly 'gainst Sin and Venom,
Planting fair flowers, but uprooting the weed.

Asking for help from the same Emissary,
Who hath sustained thee in life's darkest hour,
See we the secret of thy life's rich beauty,
Know we it lies in the sweet Christian Dower,

Southern Symphonies

CHASING PHANTOMS.

While in life's bustle and hurry, mid the crowded mart
and street,
There we meet so many thousands chasing phantoms of
deceit,
Hugging to their hearts delusions that offer no joy complete.

There's the calculating merchant with his round of dues
and bills,
And the mortgage never lifted; no panacea hath he for
ills,
For his toil each day grows heavier, as his mind with
care o'er fills.

There's the doctor with his patients, some are dying and
others complain
That the powders and various decoctions leave their ailments
just the same,
And the weary physician to meet all demands, is forever
racking his brain.

The poor, weary mother ponders on the ways of her way-
ward boy,
Or the thoughtless, giddy, blossoming girl who her peace
of mind annoy.
And yet the bitterest pang to bear, is what sorrow they
might destroy.

Then the leaders of the urchins up Learning's dizzy height,
The teachers of lore not learned from books as well as
the text-book light
Find not the flower-strewn path of Fame will their manifold
efforts requite.

Southern Symphonies

The farmer, the blessed son of toil, with his honest sweat-
stained face,
Looks forth to days that never come, when he may have
time of grace,
But he gives up the vain pursuit at last—when he reaches
the end of his race.

So the world goes scurrying onward, and Contentment, the
jewel sought,
Is never grasped by the hand o' greed, nor by shining mil-
lions bought,
And while gazing upon the wonders of earth, we marvel at
all that is wrought.

The secret hath key for unfolding, and 'tis neither bought
nor sold,
The mystery may be unraveled by no magic power of
gold—
Perhaps you may guess, for the wise may infer, for it hath
ever so often been told.



MOTHER.

Noblest, truest, sweetest friend God hath ever given
Wayward girl or reckless boy—richest gift from Heaven!
In this life there is no other worthy of that sweet name—
Mother.

Feeling every pang we feel, bearing every woe,
Ecstasy for every joy that her offsprings know;
Never can there be another, pure, unselfish as my mother.

Seeing grace none else hath seen, talents others taunt,
Praying for the wayward one, nothing can her daunt;
There has never been another who can pray as can the
Mother.

Southern Symphonies

Heaven bend a listening ear; angels, pause, give heed,
Know ye not that sacred voice? Hear her softly plead.
Ah, I know there is no other whom the angels heed like
Mother.

When the cold world scoffs and scorns still I know there's
one,
Who will soothe and love me more than if I had won
In the race instead of others—that undying love is
Mother's.

E'en when Shame's dark pall doth fall over souls once
white,
And besmirched is Honor's name—trailed in robes of
night—
One who's true when fail all others, one whose love
lives—it is Mother's.

Ne'er hath sunk her own life's blood too low to reclaim,
Ne'er polluted been her child, but she loves its name,
Be it fallen sister, brother, fond arms claim them—arms
of Mother.

Blessed, revered, holy name, let me bow to thee,
Bear thy name as mascot on to Eternity,
Next my Saviour's face to greet, I would my old Mother
meet.



THE RABBITS' EASTER DANCE.

The rabbits gave an Easter dance, old Col. Hare the
violin played,
And in a frock-tailed coat of blue 'Brer Rabbit his rare
charms displayed;
While in eye-glasses he kept time and was Director—he
was prime.

Southern Symphonies

Spry Cotton-tail blew a cornet, his frisky brother played
the flute,
And middle-aged Sir Rabbit sat, his pipe within his mouth,
quite mute,
And twanged the mandolin while he looked over at Pro-
fessor Hare,
Who sat at the piano grand and played a rich and lively
air.

They used for chairs gay-colored eggs, some were of red,
of blue, of green,
And some were yellow, white or brown; in fact, all colors
there were seen.
Old Molly Hare, tho' rather stiff, led out the dance, much
out of date,
And all the frisky, gay young folks followed the old dame
and her mate.

And, my! what sport they had! for sure, until Sir Rabbit
spied a foe
Approaching cross the cotton-field, when to their holes
they swiftly go;
For that old dog comes scenting near, and all the party
hear him gnash
His sharp old teeth as he draws near, and so their party
is a "flash."



SUBMISSION.

From sparkling crystal orbs of darkest hue
A questioning look is bent on mother's face,
And tiny, dimpled hands are held aloft
With a sweet charm and winsome baby grace,
The guileless lips, untainted yet by sin,
In rosebud beauty frame a lisping plea,
And with a wisdom far beyond her years
She wields her scepter over you and me,

Southern Symphonies

With simple mien she says to papa dear:
"I want tum apples and a wubber ball,
And dollie wid her eyes de same as mine,
And wants her 'ike my mamma, big and tall.
Tell Santa, Papa, dat he won't fordet
I want a wockin' chair and baby bed;
Now Papa, bestest Papa, don't fordet,"
And forward drooped the pretty golden head.
Within her little bed as white as snow
We tucked her and a prayer was breathed that she
Might never feel a sorrow poignant, deep,
Or cares or trouble of a great degree.
The week of Bethlehem's Babe's nativity
Rolled 'round with its accustomed joy and cheer,
And more than any others, the sweet babe,
Our household treasure, held it all most dear.
The eve before the Christ-child's birth is here;
A flush we note upon our darling's cheeks,
The soft, dark eyes are sparkling more than wont,
Her voice sounds strangely hollow when she speaks.
A vague alarm our heart-strings tighter draws,
We hot hands press and draw her, oh, so near!
The grave face of the doctor as he stoops
Above the tiny form confirms our fear.
"Diphtheria, in a most malignant form."
So almost sternly passed the doctor's lips,
A clutching at our hearts and hurried prayer,
As closer round our souls the monster grips.
The Christmas tide dawns bright and icy cold,
With muffled steps we bear her Christmas sweets,
And the bright eyes grow large and brighter still,
As with hoarse voice her precious doll she greets;
The dimpled hands clasp all the toys and sweets,
But pushing them aside, her interest wanes,
The awful truth burns in our benumbed brains
That ere another dawn will end her pains.
So soon our thoughtless prayer must answered be;
Never on earth will she feel care or woe,
Her pure young soul will wing its flight beyond,

Southern Symphonies

Above the petty cares we mortals know.
But hot rebellion rises 'gainst His will,
We doubt the wisdom of the One supreme,
But pray for calm submission—and it comes
And puts to flight the thoughts that would demean.
We know that He who watches o'er His own,
Must have His jewels in His own good time,
Tho' sharp the pangs we feel to give them o'er,
God knoweth best—we bow to will sublime.



THE JEWS.

O, nomad race, scattered from pole to pole,
O, wand'rer, without nation, without home,
Never their absence doth your gold condole,
Never affluence combat this monstrous gnome.

My heart bleeds for you, chosen race of God,
While others censure, I would only love,—
We all do err of times, while here we plod;
Each one's mistakes will be disclosed above.



TO BEREAVED CHILDREN.

Your mother has crossed o'er Jordan's cold wave,
And is safe in the Haven of Rest,
The Redeemer who called her is able to save
Each sorrowing one in His Rest.

When your life-work is ended and your summons comes,
To meet mother, dear, over there,
Oh, may you be ready your loved one to join
In that land where white robes you may wear.

Southern Symphonies

At the landing she'll wait to welcome you home,
And the songs of redemption she'll sing,
And her hands once again you will clasp, to ne'er roam,
But join voices where Heaven's anthems ring.



OH, FOR SLEEP.

Oh, for sleep, that knoweth no waking to sorrow,
Oh, for rest from the turmoil and cares that annoy,
Just to sink into slumber all dreamless and restful,
A sleep that will every trouble destroy.

Should the day of awakening o'ertake me, I fain would
Arouse from my sleep with no thought of the past,
Of the Waters of Lethe I'd drain to the last dregs,
That of all I have known not a vestige would last.



SUNSET.

In a molten sea of glory, sinks the golden orb of day,
Type of what our own life's story may show forth in its
last ray.
Fringed the west with gorgeous colors, purple, red, and
palest gold,
Opal-tinted, amethystine—stained-glass door to the home-
fold.

Calm, serene, the rays at noon-time, tho' the morning had
some clouds,
And the evening rays were flawless, save some hints of
fleecy shrouds,
Such I pray may be the symbol of my life, and may it be
Just as peaceful in its evening, as I pass the Crystal Sea,

Southern Symphonies

WHISP'RINGS OF SPRING.

The mocking-birds are whistling in the elm-tree by the
road-side,
The buds are whisp'ring to the trees in accents soft but
clear,
The brown old earth is pregnant with a thousand hopes
unspoken,
And here and there a bold green blade does to our view
appear.

A business hum is in the trees, as forth the buds are
pushing,
Each one is vieing with his neighbor just across the way,
To see who first will greet the light and bask in warmth
of springtime,
And in his gorgeous robes of green, so tastefully array.

Old Mother Earth is full of life, the embryo as yet, tho'
But soon from her rough face will spring a million blades
of life,
And they will then array themselves, full-fledged in rain-
bow colors,
And Nature will with dainty tints and beauty then be rife.

The fields, in which the hand of man has changed Dame
Nature's first plans,
Will soon give evidence that Spring, the forerunner of
Love,
Is pacing up and down the earth, so fraught with life's
increases,
That things below, point up to Nature's God above.

Southern Symphonies

REGRET.

Sweet flowers on the funeral bier shed fragrance all in
vain;

Their beauty the closed eyes cannot behold,
And eulogies o'er coffined forms whose ears catch no
refrain,
Are like a tale that has long since been told.

A pressure of the cold, still hand, a kiss upon the brow,
Brings no response, and naught can they avail;
The wail of hearts whose anguish rends and pierces keenly
now,
Will ne'er again the deafened ears assail.

Ofttimes, mayhaps, the day hath passed without a tender
word,
No sweet caress the brow hath known for days;
But now, oh God! we fain would e'en Death's dark domain
disturb,
To whisper in dull ears one word of praise.

Aye, could the painfully still form once more feel a caress,
How tenderly we'd speak and fondly kiss;
But golden opportunities, neglected, bring distress;
Poignant regret, we'll never more dismiss.

Benumbed by the intensity of grief we sadly stand,
And gaze upon the silent form so dear,
Failing to fully realize the sorrowful demand
The grave has made, in what lies lifeless near.

Then all comes suddenly again, like an avalanche of woe,
The words unsaid, the caresses, too, withheld,
A helping hand, a tiny costless kindness to bestow,
Brings sorrow which can never be dispelled.

Southern Symphonies

Some compensation, some amends, we now would gladly
wake,

For hours of pain we've caused by sheer neglect,
And so we give unto the dead, the beauteous flowers that
make,

And court a solace we cannot expect.

We bathe with bitter, scalding tears the mounds 'neath
which they sleep,

But Mother Earth mocks every anguished cry,
No prayers we breathe seem ever to pierce through the
cold blue vault,

Nor reach the ones whose forms so near us lie.



WALKING BY FAITH.

I do not know as yet, I cannot see,
What the uncertain future holds for me;
Perchance a vale of tears I must pass through,
And I must ask for strength each day anew.
But why despair? the path my feet must tread,
Has oft been pressed by those who've gone before,
And tho' my way seems dark as Stygian night,
I need no aid, save His, to now implore.
A holier brow has felt the thorn's sharp prick,
The cross hath bowed the precious Son of Light,
And surely He who bore the pangs alone,
In kindly sympathy will lead me right.

I grope not all alone, He leads the way,
And daily points me to the Realms of Day,
His sure sustaining power lifts the veil,
And shows brief views of glory—lest I quail.
I know His hand will lead me all the way,
And when despair would overflow my soul,

Southern Symphonies

My Father whispers, "I am near thee, child,
Tho' chilly waters o'er thee surge and roll."
I fear no darts sent by the Evil One,
And transient are my real pangs of pain,
For, tho' this body fail and I return
Back to the dust, the loss will work much gain.

Eclipsed the sun, the stars do not appear,
No rays of pale Diana in her sphere,
But in my soul, a light past mortal ken,
Shedding a peace so seldom known to men;
Like a confiding child I place my hand
Within the Father's, and leave all to Him;
I know He will my steps e'er guide aright,
And never, in my soul, will light grow dim.
He leads, I follow, trustingly, my guide,
Each day the path new joys gives to me,
I lean upon His breast, He whispers low:
"Believe, obey, all will be well with thee."



EASTER.

The tiny streams are laughing just because they know
'tis spring,
And the meadows are all dressed in verdant dresses once
again,
And the song-birds form an orchestra in which Sousa
can't compete,
The myriad wild flowers are all gay, and bow to all they
meet;
There's a happy song in every heart, upon this glad
bright day,
'Tis the Easter of all Nature—'tis the Resurrection Day.

Southern Symphonies

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Hopes here are blighted, fair dreams unfulfilled,
And disappointment stalks on every hand,
The lov'liest flower fades, ere we sated are,
And naught comes up to our simplest demand.

Grim Death claims those we love—our idols dear—
The sweetest strains of music discord bear,
The pictures perfect in outline and grace,
Somehow, a shade we love not, often wear.

But comes a time, a place, we feel, we know,
When Death in Victory is swallowed quite,
And fruit and flowers ambrosial always ours,
And scenes celestial cheer our divine sight.

The music, too, will never have a note,
Save of sweet harmony, and speak of love,
For God has promised all, and so much more
To those who merit a bright home above.
Sometime, somewhere, the clouds, I know, will rise,
And perfect day we'll know fore'er, fore'er,
We'll shout with those in robes of purest white
Beyond the Vale (sweet thought), sometime, some-
where.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There's a touch as gentle as angel's touch,
There's a smile like the light from above,
There's a love as pure as the love of God,

Southern Symphonies

Fresh from His throne above;
It woos my soul like the blush of spring,
It soothes like the voice of prayer,
It lightens labor thro' life's dark way,
It smooths the rough paths of care.
Its gentle approval more precious far
Than applause from the millions round,
For the pure unselfishness of its base
In but one on this earth is found.
Then its soft caress when the hard world frowns,
Makes rebuffs far less hard to bear,
And its prayer that the Tempter be weakened, too,
Lightens the load of care.
Surely, no doubt in your mind hath crept,
Aye, whispers it not from above
That this beauteous, faultless paragon is
That treasure—a Mother's love?



BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"'Tis bread cast upon the waters," did you say my work
is now?
I am teaching, drilling, training, till the work furrows
my brow;
And so oft I see no reward, see no harvest for my toil,
And my soul grows sick with waiting midst the daily
irksome toil;
And I fain would yield my efforts, but I hear a sweet
voice, low,
Seem to whisper. "Be not weary in the way your feet
should go."

Southern Symphonies

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

Only a harsh little word, yet in magnitude how great,
Carrying sharp heartaches that rend the soul; speeding on,
for it will not wait.

The havoc is done beyond recall and the sadness occasioned doth appall.

Just a wee small phrase of hope, and a soul depressed
is cheered,

It speeds on its journey bearing fruit and a monument is reared

More lasting than bronze or stone or wood, perpetuating
the donor of good.

Just a sneering, suspicious glance, and a white soul is
trailed in mire

And the rancorous seeds of scandal sown, springing up
on Hope's funeral pyre

Like the thistle seed, it is borne by the wind, besmirching
the body, the soul, the mind.

Just a smile for a forlorn heart and new courage is born
within,

And the soul grows pregnant with dreams unborn, of exemption from dark past sin.

The future seems brighter than e'er before and the heart
sees fairer days in store.

Only a downward thrust, and a soul that was struggling
up

Is sent again to abyssmal depths to drain the dregs of
life's cup;

The poor outcast sinks deeper in woe—that one little
thrust shut Repentance's door.

Southern Symphonies

Just a hand to the fallen held; it sufficeth to raise a soul,
And place unsteady feet once more on the path to a happy
goal.

These little acts that raise or depress, are the ones that
are freighted with hope or distress.



ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Oh, how desolate our home now, since our darling took
her flight,
Empty arms and broken heart-strings—round us a black,
mournful night;
On all sides we see reminders of the little form now gone,
And the voice now stilled we long for; Oh, how sweet
to us alone.

Little footfalls now are silent, precious prattling heard
no more,
If we could but once more clasp her, hear again her
childish lore,
Life would be so sweetly blessed, but we know that we
must bow
In submission to the fiat of the One who helps us now.



SUNSHINE OR SHADE.

If life were all sunshine I doubt if we'd see the need of
depending so solely on Thee;
Hence, a beautiful purpose I see in the clouds, yet 'tis
hard to perceive when despondency shrouds
Intervening between Resignation and me. In that hour,
Holy One, may I look but to Thee.

Southern Symphonies

Help me read Thy sweet words in the hour of despair,
 "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," and perchance
 I may bear
At least no rebellion at what may befall, and may know,
 tho' I feel not, Thy grace over all.
Then with eyes clear, undimmed, as the clouds sail away,
 I can gaze all enraptured at the brightening day,
And hail with delight the promise that spans in the beau-
 teous bow to be seen in all lands.



DEATH.

Ah, what is Death, and why shrink his approaching?
Is it not surcease from the soul's turmoil?
Will weary hands not rest when calmly folded?
Aye, sweetly rest from all their irksome toil?

The furrowed brow, memorial of mind anguish,
Seems peaceful when the hand of chilly Death
Is laid thereon; the eyes once dim with weeping,
Are calmly closed as pass life's fleeting breath.

When the life-current ceases from its ebbing,
Extinct the breath—each element of life—
No vital tissue but has lost its power,
When Death, in Life's domain is sadly rife.

No more the heart will ache from slights or censure,
No more feel anguish poignant, deep, and keen,
The fragile spirit now no longer battles;
The Conqueror grim has not one straw between

His victim and himself. The conflict over—
From birth until the crucial hour is past—
This warfare has been man's true occupation,
But now he meekly sees the end at last.

Southern Symphonies

Why need he shudder at the so-called ordeal?
The fault lies with himself if all is dark;
Aye, surely, one brief struggle holds no terrors—
The all he loses is life's vital spark.

The past he can but view as daily efforts
To launch out timidly on untried seas,
His frail craft often driven on the breakers,
And blown from shore to shore by every breeze.

His efforts are the same as were his father's,
The struggle is but equal to mankind,
Then why shrink what will end all bitter conflicts?
And drop all weapons, leave the war behind.

If viewed aright it brings no terror with it,
'Tis but a calm after the storm of life—
An angel of sweet mercy bringing solace
To those in grief, in toil, in bitter strife.



WILFULNESS VS. DUTY.

The path seems rough which Duty lays before us,
The thorns obscure the fragrant flowers sweet,
And we complain and murmur, not discerning
The beauteous gems that gleam beneath our feet.

We chase the shadows and see not the substance,
We shirk the work prepared for us to do,
We fail to see the sparkling spring of water,
But a mirage so vainly we pursue.

We fain would pluck the luscious fruit before us,
Nor pause, tho' Duty firmly bids us wait,
We see not far ahead the golden apples,
Until our rashness makes it all too late.

Southern Symphonies

We see the studded rungs of Fame's tall ladder,
We rush to grasp it, and with dizzy speed
We upward climb and heed no faithful warning,
But see, too late, how little was the need.

Below, behind, the dazzling gleam of radiance,
Lie those, whom the Samaritan should raise—
Their wail is drowned by the applause of myriads
Whose cries are transient as their fleeting days.

Like Sir Launfal, the Holy Grail is near us,
And Duty beckons us the lowly way,
But how much more alluring is our own choice,
Altho' from good and right it leads astray.

Like Paul of old, "That we would do, we do not,"
The way of Duty seems so rough and steep,
We bask in sunshine as we loiter idly,
Then hare-like, over-confident, fall asleep.

We wake to realize that what seemed trifles,
When aggregated would perfection breed;
And Duty long neglected, gazes sadly,
Beholding, wilful child, our woful need.



DOUBTS.

Somehow, in my life the Daystar seems to 'ave set, and
joy is gone,
And at times a hungry longing for oblivion is born;
But the Past, marred by reverses and mistakes which
God doth know
But construed by man's short vision, seemeth vices bearing
woe.

Southern Symphonies

But one day, please God, the sorrows now attendant will
be gone,
And a glamour of God's sunshine o'er my soul will then
be thrown.
'Midst my doubts and dire disasters, a small voice I hear
within
And it whispers softly, gently, "Ope thy soul, and let
me in;

I will dwell in thee, with gladness, and make shadows flee
away."
And the Stygian darkness fleeing, hands the scepter o'er
to Day;
But again the divine presence steals away and leaves alone
My poor soul to grope in darkness—ah, sweet succor will
not come.

Ah, but some day, fluctuations will be lost in certainty,
And what now annoy—these trifles—swallowed in ob-
scurity,
Will seem nothing—less than nothing—and ahead, the
brilliant light,
Will make clear to mortal vision, what is now obscured
from sight.



THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The ripening grain, like billows of pure gold,
On seas of glory, rise and fall and roll,
Breathing a lesson on how brief the span
From cradle-song to funeral dirge of man.

The silent ears fall in the fruitful ground,
Soon pregnant grows the brown mold all around,
The tiny green shoots, bold to rashness seem,
Peeping out where the ice and snow doth gleam.

Southern Symphonies

Bravely they weather wintry gales and blast,
And stand triumphant when old Winter's past,
Clothed in the beauteous robes Nature bestows,
Causing bleak nooks to blossom as the rose.

They statelier grow, rearing their heads in pride,
Having no cause their crowned heads to hide;
Now comes the tropic rays of summer sun,
Beams down relentless; soon the work is done.

Ripe for the harvest, bowing 'neath their load,
Yearning for granaries and a fixed abode;
Surely they feel what wealth they each contain,
How many festal boards they'll grace, amain.

And yet two seasons races scarce have run,
And planting, and harvesting are all well done,
But who can tell how long e'en silent grain
May live and its effects yet we maintain?

Perhaps some famished soul it feeds, anon
May help down-trodden ones the way along,
And so our lives, tho' brief from sun to sun,
Only eternity will show how well we've run.

In the great harvest day, when tares and wheat
Alike are garnered—tho' it seems not meet—
Oh, could we all be ripened golden grain,
Swelling the granary of Heaven's domain!

Surely the Reaper would be satisfied,
And feel repaid in that the grain had died,
If, in the city that lieth out four-square,
Could but be stored all that *might* have niches there—
Oh, what a throng would swell the songs of praise,
Praise for the Lord of Harvest, through all days!

Southern Symphonies

THE SILENT CITY.

Out from my window I can see the shafts,
The slabs, the monuments that mark the home
Of those who once toiled here 'mid summer's heat—
Of those who faced the wintry blasts so cold,—
But now chill marble only, tells their tale.
How brief, how useless is the grasping toil.
How ineffectual work for earthly fame!
'Ere e'en the pretty bauble can be grasped,
Ere e'en some paltry thousands lisp my name,
I, too, shall sleep beside the race of man.
The prince must lie as low as peasantry,
The mighty man of millions mix with dust,
The haughty dame must feed the earth-worms, too,
The babe, the youth, the sage, must sleep alike,—
Aye, the grim Reaper claims a harvest rare.
Ye silent City, could your populace
But voice the dreams, the hopes that with it died,
Your rigid sentinels would find a voice,
Methinks your cold white marble would cry out—
But He who conquers all, decreed it not.



UNRECOGNIZED RICHES.

He'd complained of Poverty's heartless pinch—
He'd a wife and a dear little sprite of a girl—
A surly old neighbor, a millionaire,
Had been his rival; he once did dare
To aspire to the hand of a maiden fair,
And had sat by her side where the brooklets purl.

Southern Symphonies

The getter of gold a philosopher was;
He had heard the repinings of him who'd won.
He resolved he would teach him a lesson rare,
So he stopped one day as he rode by there
And he sulkily said, "I've a notion quair, (queer)
And it's neither a joke nor pun.

You seem despondent because you're poor;
I have bank-stock, and lands and gold,
Which I'll gladly change for what you possess—
I can help you out of your dire distress.
You seem unable even to guess—
Well, my meaning is quickly told.

Just give me the maiden you won from me,
You may even retain the child;
In lieu, I will deed you my acres wide,
I'll give you my bank-stock and gold beside,
But I'm to have Susie whatever betide—
Why, man, you look desp'rate and wild."

"You're the maniac, sure, to propose such things."
"Why, I heard you say none had luck so hard."
"You've taught me a lesson I'll never forget,
I'll meet what befalls me and cease to fret.
I'm a millionaire, tho' I'm deep in debt—
And I owe it to you, Old Pard."



TEMPTED.

Heavenly Mentor, help and guide me,
Stay my wavering faith, I pray;
Throw thy loving arms around me,
Lest I look from Thee away.

Southern Symphonies

The cold world, so bright, allures me,
I am tempted, Father mine,
Let thy holy love reprove me,
Lest I shirk the way divine.

Help me know that Thou dost love me,
Tho' thou chidest—tho' the smart
Of thy love, doth show Thee near me,—
Help me feel thee—know thou art.

Weak the flesh, but thou canst hold me
'Gainst temptations, dire and strong;
Once again I plead, oh, aid me
Shun all evil, 'scape all wrong.



INFELICE.

A vulture is tearing my heart—Prometheus himself never
knew
The pangs that are rending the vitals of peace, and piercing
my soul through and through.
I have pleaded, "Oh, let the cup pass!" but each day it
is pressed to my lips
And its dregs sharp and bitter I am forced to drink down,
and life's sunshine is wholly eclipsed.
I have wrestled like Jacob of old, but the Peace Angel
ever eludes,
The anxious and persistent grasp of my hand, and the
old sorrow once more intrudes.
The sun mounts in grandeur the skies, and I pray for its
rays pure and clear
To penetrate in my life's darksome recess—but the dark
Gorgons ever stand near.
The orb of day seems in great haste to flee from my
presence away,

Southern Symphonies

And only too soon the shadows again drive the brilliant
rays swiftly away.
Plutonian gloom settles around me and I cease to hope
for a release from woe,
And in apathy sit and entreatingly pray to hear the glad
summons to go.
To go—but, oh, where? Must eternity give no surcease
from earth's gnawing care?
Aye, surely, the souls who long since have passed o'er are
exempt from this pain of despair.



THOUGHT.

Oft when the mourning robes of the angels fall o'er the
sin-cursed, polluted earth,
Mind, that subject that knows no empire, parent of
thoughts of an alien birth,
Seeks for solution of life's grave problems,—restless
grows, that yet unexplored
Lies the future. Behind Gehenna at present floats life's
frail bark unmoored.
Thought, the offspring of Mind and Reason, brings from
the past, an echo of love,
Awakens chords that have long lain dormant, draws on
the canvas scenes from above;
Angel faces of long-departed hover near ah, the scene
is changed;
By the dark bier we are once more standing, next see the
mounds in the churchyard ranged.
The sparkling gems on the sky's pale bosom speak of a
bride in her jewels rare,
The festal scenes come in short succession, with the tears
of the mother, her sad heart's prayer.
In the busy mart of the surging masses, coffers are
emptied and others filled,

Southern Symphonies

And the palace of yesterday now is a hovel—the sweet
voice we heard is forever stilled.
Thus come and go 'fore the Mind's great footlights, the
thoughts that follow in rapid train,
Tiring its fountain source in its transit, so fleeting the
scenes, so brief to remain.
Weary with scenes I have oft lived over, grant me a
respite, oh, Sleep, my friend,
Let me not follow the trend you've started—let me not
seek for the unknown end.



THE MAGIC NAME.

There comes a time within the lives of all,
When human strength and human aid are vain;
We reach the limit of our own weak power,
And sympathy from friends dulls not our pain.
We look to social pleasures, but they pall,
The flowrets speak no more of quiet joy,
The birds sing in a mournful minor key,
All Nature's beauties seem to sadly cloy.
The breezes laden once with cadences,
So cheering to our sad recipient soul,
When now they fall upon our hungry ears,
Meet no respondent chord, but onward roll.
The home joys once so dear seem vapid, stale,
Caresses once so precious now annoy,
The music of Love's voice is discord harsh,
We know no bliss unmixed with base alloy.

What does this vague unrest, this longing mean?
Is there no surcease from life's dragging cares?
Is there no haven for the weary soul?
No ending to the awful pang that tears?
Must tears forever dim our eager eyes?

Southern Symphonies

Need the impress of sorrow mar our brow?
Can we not pierce the clouds that us unshroud?
Must all the future be as dark as now?
In an unconscious hour we breathe a name,—
That name itself, for aye, will be a prayer,—
“Oh, God,” we whisper, and the clouds disperse,
Angelic hope displaces dark despair.



NOURISH NOT CARE.

The thoughts that depress should be banished
In the heart of the soul is no room
For gloomy forebodings and nursing vague fears,
That may, or may not, come on soon.
We must up and be doing what lieth
Before us, and calls us to act,
Who putteth his hand to the plow should not shrink,
And never, ah, never, look back.

The goal lies ahead and the victor
Will find sweet reward for all toil,
A laurel-crowned brow and palms in his hand,
May be his after life's drear turmoil.
Then why need we murmur and fret so,
If all seems to flit beyond grasp?
One day we a harvest of beautiful grain
With rich sheaves our tired hands will clasp.

Those who bask here in sunshine of plenty,
Have reward, He doth verily say,
But all service, minute tho' it seems in import,
Shineth more unto a perfect day.
Drive away dull cares, then, friend, and cheer up,
A mirage reflects substance, somewhere,
And what may seem phantoms you're chasing to-day,
May reflect but your prize over there.

Southern Symphonies

MY LOVE.

I have loved thee, oh, so madly,
Since into thine eyes I gazed,
This deep, all-absorbing passion
All my powers of reason dazed.
Sunshine turns to shade without thee,
Flowers lose their beauty rare,
But how fair would grow the desert
Were your lovely presence there.
Summer has beheld my wooing,
In its sweet incipient part,
But the frost of coming autumn,
Cannot drive it from my heart.
This deep passion, so absorbing,
Changing Winter's chilling breath
To the tropic warmth of Summer,
Knowing not a thought of death—
E'en the pain occasioned gives me,
Bitter joy, as sweet as Heaven,
Without which all life grows stagnant,
And the tenderest ties are riven.



TO THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

I look upon the gorgeous loveliness of the chrysanthemum,
rich autumn flower,
And to me there's a beauty, matchless, rare, found not in
springtime's fairest, daintiest bower.
Because they bless when others are all gone, they linger
in an effort to console,

Southern Symphonies

And cheer a season fraught with saddest thoughts, for
death's abroad in his accustomed role.
Few rainbow tints—for they belong to spring—adorn the
feathery petals of fall's queen,
But deep browns, reds, and purples blend with white;
old Nature's mantel and autumnal sheen.
'Tis touching how tenaciously they cling to life and are
so loath to fade and die,
Aye, surely they are conscious of their worth, and know
that we are better while they're nigh.
A feeling of deep reverence o'er me steals, when I beside
their wondrous beauty stand,
For are they not ambassadors of Him, who brought glad
tidings to a dying land?



JUST A MOMENT OF TIME.

Just a moment of time, oh, how small the phrase sounds,
yet often how much it contains,
In import it carries to lives bowed in grief, gentle solace
that comes and remains.
Or else, sad to say, oh how often it wounds, like a two-
edged sword doth it slay,
And far past recall, tho' we sorely repent, that moment
mars many a day.
"Just a minute," of significance ever so slight, and seem-
ingly hardly worth while;
But surely how much it may carry on wings, that may
cleanse or condemn or defile.
In the brief space, a moment, a blessing from Him, who
holdeth the world in His hand,
May descend and brust shackles that bind men in sin,
and bid evil minions disband.
In a moment, a Cain may his brother's life end, and
plunge his own life in despair,

Southern Symphonies

The penalty, then, is a life-time of woe, for the ones who
depend on his care.
One life is a wreck—it entails many more, and the chain
forged will add link by link,
And only eternity truly can show to what depths one may,
in one moment, sink.
The abyss yawns for all who to dark passions yield; one
moment sufficeth to throw,
A mantle of shadows o'er lives once so bright, and drag
down to chasms below.
Each moment may bless if a discipline strict we but place
o'er our lives day by day,
And determine to live for God and the Right, and to walk
in the straight, narrow way.



EACH LIFE IS A MIRROR.

Every life is a mirror of some other life,
Each act reflects clearly on those whom we love,
And in life's daily walk, with its joy and its strife,
We may drag down to ruin, or lift souls above.

The destiny of nations depends on the ones,
Who wield o'er the cradle the scepter of power,
And the cradle song crooned, or the song left unsung,
Will leave its deep impress on life's crucial hour.

The nature of mankind, tho' dual by birth,
By contact with sin every day and each hour,
May cause in the soul, of all beauty a dearth,
And rank poisonous vines may grow o'er life's fair
bower.

Southern Symphonies

But with God in the soul and the Christ-life within,
The spirit of beauty, of truth, and pure love,
May drive from his vantage-ground deep-rooted Sin,
And fit the Life's page for the Great Book above.

Ah, how careless we are of each word we let fall,
And how little we think of the impress it leaves,
And often, so often, the intent is obscured,
What was meant to encourage one, only bereaves.

We pluck not the flowers Opportunity gives,
To live for the sake of the lives we may bless,
By an influence for God, for Truth, and the Right,
On others our lives leave an indelible impress.



WINSOME FAIRY.

Just last evening, winsome Fairy, as I sat and dreamed
of you,
I was pondering and wondering if you'd ever prove un-
true;
Coming events cast their shadows, and my soul was sore
depressed,
For with prescient eyes I seemed to see, what your lips
have not expressed.

Fair, winsome, blue-eyed Fairy, tell me sweetheart, won't
you, pray,
Why you look so coldly on me, why you turn our face
away?
Don't you think it due me, darling, just to tell me why
you've changed?
I'd repent and make amends, dear; I can't live from you
estranged.

Southern Symphonies

Your bright curls, my winsome Fairy, grant me one to
keep for aye,
And when I am cold and silent, lay it near my heart, I
pray;
And when earthly ties are riven, Fairy, should I see your
face,
Heaven will be complete, my angel, if I'm granted but
this grace.



TRIBUTE TO THE KING.

Trophies for the King of Ages, gather we from shore
to shore,
Diamonds from Golconda's stretches; mine from every
land rich ore;
Ceylon yields her pearls of beauty, Afric sands are rich
with gold,
And the stately western mountains hold for us a wealth
untold.

All the precious gems from all lands, glittering ore and
nature's yield,
All, and thousands more we offer to the One whose blood
hath healed
Millions sick from soul-diseases—scarred in waging
Satan's war—
Sure, will trophies bring, ah, gladly, to their life's bright
Guiding Star.

Sceptres of the ancient Cæsars, Alexandrian power and
crown,
Thrones of Czars and Kings and Sultans—in one sheaf,
we lay them down.
"King of Kings," receive the tribute, Thou art worthy,
Lamb of God,
Slain for all the world's transgressions—wounded by
man's cruel rod.

Southern Symphonies

Receive every one's thanksgiving, adulations, crowns, and
palms,
Sceptres, riches, honor, glory, praise in sermons, songs,
and psalms.
All of these and more thou conquerer, Lion of Judah's
mighty tribe,
Shiloh come to waiting millions, see in pain and shame
He died;

But the glorious culmination—conqueror rose He o'er all
foes—
So to-day He sits in Glory—from the loathsome grave
He rose,
Victor o'er Death, Hell, and Darkness, Son of Light, oh,
Calvary's Lamb,
Trophies, tribute, bring we to Thee—once was dead but
lives again.

Lives and reigns, the Son of Glory, in that home His
death prepares,
And the thought that cheers His foll'wers—Blessed
thought—that home is theirs!
But we would not greet the Master empty-handed and
forlorn,
Shouting songs of joy and vict'ry, bear we trophies to
the Throne.



REBELLION 'GAINST THE MACEDONIAN CALL.

O'er my soul have rolled life's billows, oft in valleys I
have groped.
Like Elijah, I have pleaded for release—no longer hoped;
'Neath the Juniper despairing, I have prayed the end to
come;
Calm, resignedly, I waited for the summons to go home.

Southern Symphonies

I would fain escape the journey into Ninevah, the doomed,
Surely some one else can carry messages to those entombed.

Waiting for some force to sever seals set by a Pilate's will,
I would leave the task for others—skirt the steep Golgotha Hill.

I have heard the Macedonian, I have closed my ears and prayed,
That what seemed such urgent duty, may, at last, be disarrayed.

Such a struggle for decision—Waterloo must soon be reached—

Must I give the battle over? Yes, stern Duty is impeached;

Such a sacrifice I give not, tho' I know the rich reward,
But I close my eyes and murmur, "Show me other fields, dear Lord,"

Whether in the final judgment deep regret will sting my soul,

Is as yet an unknown problem; only then will He unfold
What now is obscured, mysterious, then the light's refulgent sheen

Will disclose, too late to many, opportunities unseen.

SOME SONG-POEMS.

VIOLETS.

Wood-violets speak of you, darling, they whisper to me
of your eyes,
They always remind me, too, darling, of that day when
I won life's great prize.
That prize was your love that you plighted; in your hands
were wood-violets blue,
I will love them forever and ever, because they remind
me of you.

Wood-violets blue as my darling's eyes,
But their sweet beauty so quickly dies;
Would that they were as immortal as we,—
Carrying their charms beyond life's mystic sea.

I look in their modest blue faces, and pray them to ease
all my doubt,
For somehow, my darling, I'm jealous, whenever an-
other's about,
For I crave every smile, winsome darling, and I covet each
glance, even kind,
That is why, little darling, I plead so, that ere many days
you'll be wholly mine.



BONNY DELL.

I am thinking of the lonely hours before me,
Since they've lain in the churchyard Bonny Dell;
And I shudder to anticipate the future,

Southern Symphonies

And its desolation that no tongue can tell.
We were so happy, my Bonny and I,
No threatening cloud had e'er darkened our sky;
But the Death Angel was jealous, I see,
Of the pure love 'twixt my Bonny and me.

We had rambled through the churchyard, flower hunting,
And sweet Bonny Dell said gravely there one day,
"When I'm numbered with this silent population,
Have them lay me 'neath this willow, James, I pray.
We were so happy, my Bonny and I,
No threatening cloud had e'er darkened our sky,
But the Death Angel was jealous, I see,
Of the pure love 'twixt my Bonny and me.

Just to-day, I saw them lay her 'neath the willow,
And my heart I left in that small sacred mound;
And you'll find its chambers, Bonny Dell, still vacant,
Save by the mem'ry of the first love found.
We were so happy, my Bonny and I,
No threatening cloud had e'er darkened our sky,
But the Death Angel was jealous, I see,
Of the pure love 'twixt my Bonny and me.



THE FRAGRANCE OF THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The fragrance of the honeysuckle, darling,
Brings pain to me, for Memory plays her part."
"Won't you please tell me, Uncle Robert,
About who 'twas who broke your good, kind heart?"

"Yes, dearie, you may have the long-kept story;
She was a winsome lass with wine-brown eyes,
And hair like yours; and never I suspected,
But what a hint of flirting, she'd despise.

Southern Symphonies

But one bright day I sought her unexpected,—
Within a honeysuckle arbor found
My darling in the arms of my dread rival—
I staggered and sank down upon the ground.

She wore them in her dark hair, and I heard her
Say, in the tones she pledged her troth to me,
'I love but you, his gold has been the tempter.'
I heard no more—I fled and she was free.

My faith was shattered and I've never wedded,
No home, no wife, no little ones like you
Have ever blessed my life, except you, dearie,
And Uncle Robert loves you, sweetheart, too."



NEGLECT.

A fresh-faced girl with a blithesome heart,
Laughed gaily for a reply,
When the solemn voice of the man of God,
Read the text, "Ye shall surely die."

'Twas no scoffing air that the fresh sweet face
Wore, but simple carelessness,
For such sober thoughts she'd never entertained,
In her happy girlishness.

But ere many weeks since those solemn words,
On a bed of affliction and pain,
She recalled the warning so gently given,
And she sighed that she might remain.

That she might atone for her frivolous life,
And make some amends for the past,
And a sigh of regret escaped her pale lips—
For she knew that that hour was her last.

Southern Symphonies

THE HOME.

I know a home where every room is sacred,
Where every spreading cedar bough is dear,
And where the dainty wild-flowers all are precious,
And music in each bird-song that they hear;
For they who live within its humble domain
Have had instilled within their hearts the love
Of home, and all its myriad tender beauties,
So like unto that wondrous Home above.
The mother is the revered Queen among them,
The father like some Patriarch of old,
Is loved, obeyed, and trusted by his offsprings,
Returning love, that's neither bought nor sold.
Some might style such a poet's bright ideal,
And say such homes exist but in the mind.
God purposes each home that man established,
To be by the word, Ideal, defined.



LIFE'S SUBLIME MOMENTS.

Amid the earth's turmoil and din,
Oh, hear you not the cherubim
That sing amid the realms of light,
Unseen by coarser mortal sight?
Sometimes, methinks, the host is near,
I feel their presence and I hear
Sweet voices that have long been dumb,
And hushed are 'neath the solemn tomb.
Surely the great blue dome above
Resounds with angels' songs of love,
And when our souls with theirs commune,

Southern Symphonies

And our life's harp is all in tune,
Why should not the immortal part
Of us feel the soft spirit's heart,
As it throbs for us and the while
With silvery tones would us beguile?
If our coarse mortal ears could hear
Soul speak to soul with ne'er a fear
But that we may so lose our hold,
On sordid earthly cares now rolled
Upon our heart, and soul, and mind,
And leaving all these things behind
Just for one glorious moment hear
The soothing tones from Heaven's sphere,
And feel the presence soft as air
That moves and whispers everywhere;
How oft oh, heavenly mentors, we
Might feel and know and hear and see
The ecstasy and music grand,
That only angels understand—
Might see what John on Patmos saw,
For one brief moment—by Love's law.



INEXORABLE LAW.

Could we gather all the flowers,
Or preserve each kind intent,
Robing words in softest garments,
Do you think we'd need repent
If some months the trees are barren
Either of fair fruit or flower;
If the purpose we once cherished,
Never grew in might or power?
Good will come, we know, when planted,
Rugged tho' the soil may be,
And the bread cast on the waters,
May be days upon the sea.

Southern Symphonies

A PRAYER FOR A HOLIER LIFE.

Dear Saviour, I need thee to dwell in my life,
To drive out the longings that daily are rife;
I need thee, oh, so much, to lend me the power
To drive back life's foes in each unguarded hour.
Thy grace is sufficient as will be my day,
The beams of thy love, my dear Saviour, display;
Then all the dark gloom will be quickly dispelled,
And all ravaging heart-hunger surely be quelled.
Thou hast said (and 'tis true) that thy peace satisfies,
And mortals may feel the transport of the skies;
Thy House and its fullness leaves no cause for complaint,
In the love-thirsty soul of each Nazarene saint.
Here below we may feel the sweet, calm bliss of Heaven,
In the joy of sins banished—the past all forgiven;
Then this prayer, blessed Jesus, I implore thee, now grant,
For my soul is athirst, as the hart that doth pant.
Oh, Calvary's Lamb, bend thy sweet lowly head,
O'er the bright Crystal Sea, thy benign beauty shed,
And let the rich incense of holiness reach,
This poor, weary soul, I so humbly beseech!
Give me power to tear down every idol but thee,
To make my heart now thy own sanctuary;
And come in and sup with me and let me o'erflow,
With the rapture of knowing pure Heaven below.
Let this hour be my Pentecost, and send thy great power,
To drive out all lust and dark sin-stains devour;
Ah, help me to Canaan, lest I fall by the way,
And in the drear wilderness waywardly stray—
Let me cross to the land now, of corn, milk and wine—
I would send out no spies to bring fruit from the vine.
Let the tempter not militate forces around,
But with the Ram's Horn of Victory, let earth resound,
As I shout down the Jericho walls of dark sin,

Southern Symphonies

And open the way for the lamb to come in!
Once Babe of the Manger, from thy throne in the sky,
I implore thee, I pray thee, my soul now doth cry—
Oh, give me the peace, that all knowledge exceeds,
And 'twill be all-sufficient for life's many needs.
'Twill fit me for earth and prepare me for Heaven,
And wing my soul upward when earth's ties are riven—
What more should I crave than this Pearl of Great Price
That is mine? For thy dear blood is my sacrifice.



THE ORIGIN OF THE GORGEOUS NASTURTIIUM.

A bright-faced, golden-haired, little maid,
Who romped as you've romped and played as you've
played,
Had a cankering desire to be gayer dressed
And always look better than even the best.
So much she pouted and flouted, too,
If her mother kindly beside her drew
This vain little girl, and chided her fault,
And told her that in this bad way she must halt,
For the young heart was soil for an ugly weed,
And such soil will always bad plantlets breed.
So one day a fairy came to this small child,
And made her almost, for a moment, wild,
For the fairy promised the wayward elf,
That none should dress gayer than her small self;
Then away flew the fairy up into the air—
And when the poor mother had searched everywhere,
She gave up the search—with a heart full of pain,
But she never saw her wee girlie again.
And on the spot where the vain child stood last
There grew up a flower, but no fragrance it cast;
But gorgeous in coloring, which few flowers excel,
The nasturtium held up its gay-colored bell.

Southern Symphonies

MY DIXIE GIRL.

She belongs to the land of Dixie,
Where God's glorious sunlight shines,
Where the flowers bloom fairest, the birds sing sweetest,
'Neath magnolias and whisp'ring pines.

She's my Dixie girl, with her eyes of brown,
And her cooing voice, but with ne'er a frown,
With her teeth like pearls, and her soft brown curls,
How I love my own Dixie girl!

She was shy as her woodland songsters,
And like wintry stars, shone her eyes,
When I plead for a flower, from her own dainty bower,
But she granted the coveted prize.



MY RAINBOW QUEEN.

I'm in love with sweet Iris, the fair Rainbow Queen,
I'm sure fairer maiden has never been seen,
I saw her just after a rainstorm one day,
As she tripped down to earth, on her own gorgeous way.

In her graceful array of blue, orange and green,
Red, violet and yellow; one has rarely seen
Such exquisite beauty as she stooped o'er a flower,
And kissed its blue petals—bestowing a dower.

Iris, Iris, I'm longing for a kiss
From your rich ruby lips, let me touch your finger-tips,—

Southern Symphonies

From your store of dew-drops clear, and your sunbeams,
Iris, dear,—
Can't you give me just one kiss? Several would not be
amiss.

Up there in the feathery white clouds above,
Oh, Iris, just let me tell you of my love,
And if we need money to buy aught we need,
We'll draw up the pot of gold, of which folks read,
And which, Iris, dear, belongs only to you—
Now fair Rainbow Queen, won't you pledge to be true?
If you will, these earth maidens I'll quickly renounce.
And our marriage, in haste, I'll right gladly announce.



DOLORES, DAUGHTER OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

There's a dusky little maiden, just beyond the Texas line,
Who has shyly whispered to me, that one day she will be
mine,
And the blood of Montezumas courses thro' each purple
vein
Of this rare exotic flower, whose rich beauty ne'er will
wane.

Dolores, rare tropic flower,
Sad your name, tho' great your power—
When your sweet dark eyes I see,
I would leave the world for thee,
Count no loss—my soul's depths stirred
By one smile, one tender word.

When I wed my gorgeous blossom, and you are my own
sweet bride,
Dolores shall change to Dolly, for no sadness shall betide,

Southern Symphonies

And your life I'll fill with sunshine, like the land in which
you grew,
For I'll strive each day to prove, dear, just how dearly I
love you.

With her raven tresses flowing like a mourning robe, I see
Dolores, my radiant flower, drooping as she comes to me,
And she whispers, "We must part, dear, by my parents'
stern decree,
But I cannot live without you!" Then I saw her from
me flee,
And ere I could gain her side, she the awful deed had
done,
And my heart will grieve forever for the gem grim death
hath won.



WE SHALL KNOW THEM.

When my weary life is over and I cross Death's chilly
stream,
And my Saviour at the Landing I shall see,
I shall hear the shouts of welcome from my loved ones
gone before,
For they'll all shout "Glory" as they welcome me.

We are promised we shall know them, when life's stormy
voyage is o'er,
Tho' thro' a glass and darkly here we see,
Yet in Glory we shall know them, and they, too, their
loved shall know
And like Jesus, there forever, we shall be.

There around the Throne Celestial where the angels stand
in hosts,
With their harps of gold, dear Jesus I shall see,

Southern Symphonies

And the cruel marks of Calvary—the nail-prints in His
hands,
And His bleeding side—my ransom still will be.

Blessed are the eyes that see not, and not seeing yet be-
lieve,
All the glories that God's children There shall see,
As we'll fall down low, with angels, and our Saviour e'er
adore,
What a blood-washed throng of saints then, there will be.



OUT BEYOND LIFE'S SURGING RIVER.

Out beyond life's surging river, lies a Haven bright and
fair,
And the ship is always ready to conduct the pilgrim there,
And the welcome there accorded those who reach those
Realms of Light,
Sate the souls of weary travelers—dissipate the gloom of
night.

There no pain or sickness enter—all is bliss and perfect
joy,
And all partings there are over, there no earth cares e'er
annoy.
When I reach the Golden Portals of that Home not made
with hands,
I shall join the Song of Ages, shouting praises to the
Lamb;
Dying sinner, come and join us, on our march to Heaven's
plain,
The reward outweighs all pleasure, that from worldliness
you gain.

Southern Symphonies

TO THE HEROES OF THE SOUTH.

Oh, ye heroes, ye martyrs, ye lovers of country,
Who have raised, unawares, deathless monuments rare,
Your valorous deeds will be blazoned to millions,
Who adore you, and the name of a patriot bear.
We had men whose fair names stand a peer to the bravest,
A Hannibal, Caesar, or Alexander in skill,
A Bonaparte, Nelson, or Fabius wary,
We had of indomitable and dauntless will;
They were men of great souls, who scorned self-adulation,
Not chaplet of Fame nor high honors were sought,
Though in marble we commemorate, ah, but they need
not

One act of ours to enhance what their valor hath wrought;
These men 'bove reproach, beyond Eulogy's trumpet,
These heroes whose life has had unstinted praise,
Till naught new can be said from man's tongue or pencil,
So oft have we repeated their life's noble ways;
An angel's voice only could breathe more sacred anthems,
Or write with white petals in violet perfume,
The glory and undying deeds of our heroes,
Who shrank not midst shell or the cannon's loud boom.
They bled for the Cause, for our Southland they perished,
With a heart true as steel, for the Right to maintain,
They sleep 'neath a soil rich with heroes' pure life-blood,
Their escutcheon bears not e'en one cowardly stain;
They surrendered—but, oh, what a grandeur they displayed,

In the hour of defeat—oh, how kingly their mien!
They were beautiful specimen of courageous knighthood,
No fairer example has ever been seen!

Southern Symphonies

TO SAM DAVIS.

He was a youth of 19, one of Gen. Colman's scouts, and was captured while carrying mails and despatches for the Confederates through the Federal lines. He was offered life for the forfeit of trust, but he nobly spurned the offer.

He is spoken of as Sam Davis, "unknown to fame." Ah, but he gave his life rather than betray a trust reposed in him by his General! He was a noble son of Tennessee, my mother's native state; may his name never be forgotten.

He was executed near Pulaski, by Capt. Armstrong, who did the deed, it is said, regretfully. His young life closed under the soft rays of a hazy November morning.

No fairer name, tho' unknown to fame,
Than the brave youth from Tennessee,
Who, in life's fair morn, with high hopes new-born,
For a land exempt and free—
With a form erect, none could detect,
A flaw on his manly brow,
Dark flashing eyes, aye, we'll ne'er despise
Such heroes at stern or prow.

Superb his form, as the scaffold on,
He stands as a soldier true,
"Had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice
Every one ere I'd be untrue
To the trust of friends, or my country's ends,"
Were the words from his firm young lips.
No battle-flag's fold, round this hero bold,
Staunch and true to his finger-tips.
No garland of fame, no resounding name,
He bore or will ever bear,
But his name will live, for the life he gave
Bears a fruitage of peace up there.

Southern Symphonies

He the pardon spurned, and indignant turned,
Tempted not by honor-bought life,
"I'll my duty do, to my Southland true,
To the land where honor is rife."

Aye, no spy they say, tho' he wore the gray,
And his courageous heart ne'er quailed,
When apprised that the cost was his young life lost,
Since his efforts to aid had failed.
One of Colman's scouts, on a Federal route,
Carrying mail to the Southern side,
The youth of nineteen, all resigned, serene,
Met his fate with becoming pride.

A pride in his state, and a martyr's fate,
And the keenest regret he knew,
As he turned his fine eyes, thro' the hills with sighs,
And he felt this was all he could do.
"They must fight without me, for beloved Tennessee,
For her hills rich with autumn hue,
But how sweet to feel in submission I kneel,
At Honor's fair shrine. I've been true
To the trust reposed; frightened not by foes,
Not coerced nor tempted to fall,
At my mother's knees, when the evening breeze
Cast a softness over all;
She taught me to be, ah, loyal to thee,
My country, my friends, my state."
And Armstrong said, with a downcast head,
"Say the word and the sentence may wait."

An indignant light, at a hint 'gainst the right,
Flashed from eyes soon to close in death,
"Not parents nor birthplace will I e'er disgrace,
Tho' it cost me the last fleeting breath."
With a boyish face, upraised to God's Place,
Surrounded by a halo of light,
Only Raphael's brush could immortalize such,
Or paint the angelic sight.

Southern Symphonies

He sleeps in the beautiful valley he loved,
In the picturesque mountains of Tennessee;
While History's Muse recalls valorous deeds,
Let his name not forgotten be.



"GO YE ALSO INTO THE VINEYARD."

Matt. 20:4.

Socialism curses money and condemns the millionaires—
Ah, I wonder if they'd rail so, if they were themselves
the heirs?

Yes, He said that "very hardly could a rich man enter
Heaven,"

But remember, this amendment, by the same sweet voice
was given:

"Nothing is impossible," to the hand that made us all.
He sees motives, readeth pages hidden to man's eyes, O
Saul!

If He gives me talents—I use them. Usury do I owe to
you?

Only to the Great Accountant, need I render interest due.

If a man amass his millions, nor defrauds his fellowman—
Should he encourage shiftless sloth by scattering with a
lavish hand?

Yes, the worthy poor call to him, and their cries ascend to
God,

But the thriftless idle sluggard merits but to till the sod.
True, the wealth claimed by the many is God's own; He
but permits

These, His stewards, here to use it, who by brain and
brawn and wits

Gather, but He calls for interest. It is meet to aid the
poor,

But the idler should not murmur when he meets a pad-
locked door.

Southern Symphonies

A SORROWFUL AWAKENING.

When life was as bright as a June day,
And cares never pressed on my soul;
Oh, I dreamed not what lay in the future,
O'er my soul, what dark billows would roll.

I was blithesome, mistrusting not mankind,
To-morrow held for me no dread,
And the future, a bright smiling landscape,
Lay out, full of beauty ahead.

Surrounded by hearts I deemed loyal,
No mockery for friendship, I knew,
Of friends, I suspected no pretense,
But believed all men honest and true.

Sincere in each thought—no deception
Had crept in to mar life's fair way—
'Neath suave smiles, I discerned not a traitor,
Who, his victim would kiss, to betray.

In the soft touch of those who caressed me.
The serpent's fangs safely were hid,
And the kiss of a Judas—ah, Treachery!
I ween not e'en now, all ye did.

Oh, the blow had been death to all promise,
Had the wak'ning been sudden and sure,
But slowly it dawned and benumbed me—
That the world was deceitful, impure;

That smiles concealed arrows of envy,
That the canker worms always repose,
And sap the pure life—giving poison—
To the heart of the loveliest rose.

Southern Symphonies

That those who pretend to adore us,
Have motives so selfish and dark,
That the shudder it causes arouses a chill,
That quenches the heart's purest spark.

Simple trust, childish faith are enshrouded,
And sadly entombed, side by side,
And there creeps in, by contact with falseness,
Insincerity and fawning pride.

The pure heart receives its first lesson,
At the fireside and from those whose life
Should be high examples of honor and truth,
Where noble thoughts always are rife.

But somehow, amid all deceit, I can see
A white light that gleams from his throne,
Unsullied the Guide, as its pure rays gleam out,
And a small voice dispels all my wavering doubt,
And whispers, "Child, I am thine own."



YE ARE SAVED BY BELIEVING ON HIS NAME.

A soul freed from flesh, soared on wings of light,
Up to the portals of radiant beauty,
And asked admittance from an angel who stood
As guard to the entrance—a sweet, sacred duty.

Saying, "Pray ope for me the Gateway to Bliss,
I have toiled so patiently life's weary pathway,
And the trophies I bring to the fair Courts of Light,
Will be jewels of wondrously, gloriously bright ray."

"Let me see," said the angel, in robes pure and white,
"Ah, what have you brought to the bright King of Glory?"

Southern Symphonies

Can you show aught to compare to the sacrifice He
Hath made on the cross?—Oh, Salvation's grand story!

"I have reared souls for God and led them to Heaven;
I have worked for the Master in lane and in by-way;
I have stooped o'er the dying, bearing cups of cold water;
I have prayed for poor souls bowed in sin and dark dis-
may."

"All is well, you have done, ah, ye claimant of Heaven,
But answer me; knowest thou life's gravest debt?
The works of your hands, the service you've rendered,
Are all not sufficient to enter you yet."

"Oh, sweet Spirit Guide, dost thou mean that I lack yet
To mention my faith in the blood that atones?
Now, I see I have summed up the stars that illumine,
But have left out all mention of the Sun which has shone

All along my pathway and shaped all my intents—
The Sun which has risen, dispelling life's gloom—
The faith in the Christ, Who requires but believing,
And then comes the plaudit, "'Believer, well done!'"

In an instant, the portals were opened back widely,
"Come rest from your labors, see the fruits of your toil;
The foundation-stone upon which you are resting,
Was your beautiful Faith, midst life's constant turmoil."



A VISION OF THE CROSSING.

There will be light on the shores of glory,
When the blood-washed throng reach the river-side,
Tho' its radiance shines for one soul as brightly
As when a host cross over the tide.

Southern Symphonies

Its gleam falls over the turbid waters,
And changes to an opalescent hue,
The surging waves—once striking terror
To hearts so timid, yet strong and true—
'Tis the smile of the Lamb, who on Calvary's mountain,
Gave as a ransom, His spotless life,
For a world of sinners—this light all-glorious,
Lethæan-like, drowns cares and strife.
With infant faith, we loose from the moorings
Our frail bark, and rise on the gleaming wave,
We see the nail-pierced hands held toward us,
And shout a victory o'er Death and the Grave.



SPRINGTIME.

It is springtime, happy springtime, once again,
All Nature seems aroused as if from sleep;
The bird's notes thrill us—oh, so clear and deep—
The western zephyrs round us gently sweep,
And whisper promises of joy for pain.

There is a hint of active life within the wood;
The brown, bare limbs of winter turning green,
The bare earth woos a fresher, brighter sheen,
The subtle sunlight steals the leaves, between,
As if these children of the forest understood.

The frisky squirrel leaps from bough to bough,
And chatters with his happy mate, at play,
Ah, hunter, surely you'll not say him nay,
But let him have this while, his own sweet way;
The liberty you love, to him allow.

There is a mighty whispering 'neath the soil.
The infant plants anticipate the light,

Southern Symphonies

And vaguely dream of time, when they bedight,
Will flaunt themselves in shades red, green and white;
Transition strange, accomplished without toil.

They toil not, neither do these plant folk spin,
Yet gorgeous robes of kings will not compare
With vestal robes of purity they wear,
Or vari-colored robings of the air;
Man's artifice to ape them seems a sin.

The flowerets are harbingers of better days,
God sends to men of high or low estate,
When life seems drear and we bemoan our fate
They whisper words of hope; we meekly wait
And murmur not at wisdom of His ways.

And then the cheery bird-songs springtime brings,
Act as sweet solace when our hearts are sore,
Protection, they by happy songs implore,
And teach us how our Master to adore—
Not with sad face, but with a heart that sings.

The tiny feathered songsters have God's care,
A sparrow does not fall unheeded by
The One who ever keeps an open eye.
Think ye, He hears not each sad wail and sigh
And knows not things that on our heart-strings wear?

The harmless dwellers of the mighty wood,
The noisy squirrel and the timid hare,
The croaking frogs—each, all God's love declare.
Implicit faith in Him who hears their prayer,
They show, by language oft misunderstood.

Sweet springtime brings to us these blessings rare,
Then to her, we, our thankful hearts should raise,
And through the medium mentioned, sing His praise,
Who sends us blessings in such various ways,
And keeps us daily from the Tempter's snare.

Southern Symphonies

VICTORY.

I have weighed the matter and counted the cost,
If worldly delusions, or Heaven be lost;
And this transient sojourn will not nearly repay,
Tho' pleasures deluge me upon every way.
The end surely cometh to every one,
I would grasp something stable when my race I have run.
What is earth, with her hollow illusions so gay?
"All is Vanity! Vanity" I hear the sage say.
The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord,
And true knowledge abounds from the love of His word.

I yearn for more light on this sin-misty plain,
That I may the guide of His spirit obtain.
I have drunk Life's deep dregs, with their foul taint of
sin,
I have stood on the brink of a chasm to win
The laurels of Fame with their perishable sheen,
And I saw not the Rescuer standing between,
Nor heeded a voice interceding in love,
But with Imps of Ambition more madly I strove.
Just before lay the goal—no mirage I e'er dreamed—
The fountains of Bliss in the rich sunlight gleamed;
But the waves of the Dead Sea engulfed my poor soul,
The Apples of Sodom was the fruit for my dole.
I ate and I quaffed, but insipid was each,
I saw not a ray of God's sunlight in reach;
After chasing a phantom, I sadly turned back,
I was now on Indifference's down-plunging track;
Since the Fame I had sought, it was plain to perceive
Was the Rainbow Gold-Pot, to my poor mind deceive.
There was naught now to cloy, in an apathy cold
I sank, hearing all of Hope's bells sadly tolled.
A Father all-wise sent a message of Love

Southern Symphonies

And shed some warm rays on my heart, from above.
By degrees—oh, strange wonder! Oh, wonder so strange!
I felt a queer power my senses derange;
Am I mad? Oh, you Stoic! I said to my heart,
On Life's stage you have ever held a leading part,
But see now, you've reckoned without higher power,
Before this dethroning and all-searching hour.
You must get from your pedestal—another must reign,
The Past, it is plain, has been all lived in vain;
From this hour life is full, now true pleasures abound,
Since so wondrous a portion my hungry heart's found.
I look on the past like a tale that is told,
It is all blotted out. I've grown wondrously bold;
I have drunk Life's pure fountain and know 'twill suffice;
I have succor in trouble I can reach in a trice;
I have far more than Fame for my name is on high,
I have mansions prepared by my King, in the sky!
I am kept, safely kept, by the power of His might.
I sing in my joy, ah, my soul is bedight,
The Fair Rose of Sharon has for it, His abode.
And the lilies of Peace bloom along Life's bright road;
This love is sufficient, it each day satisfies,
And Christ's prayer, each hour, my life sanctifies.
He keeps me in highways and byways each hour,
And gives me a Decalogue as my rightful dower,
And says, "Those from Sinai merge into one,
Be pure in your life as your Example, the Son."
I know, now, to Him, I owe everything,
And henceforth and forever I acknowledge Him King.



GOD IS LOVE.

Oh, the fragrance of the flowers,
In the leafy, woodsy bowers,
And the song of thrush and linnet—oh, how sweet!

Southern Symphonies

They will chase dull care away,
Change the darkest night to day,
And we fain would give them reverence, as but meet.

None can charm like birds and flowers,
In Life's saddest, loneliest hours,
In the very heart of Nature they do live,
And to Nature's God they sing,
Causing woods and hearts to ring,
And a solace to each drooping soul they give.

In the incipient stage of Pride,
Songs and fragrance once applied,
Makes the proud heart humble grow and modest, too,
As it realizes sure,
That man's pride cannot endure,
And what good the heart contains, these sirens woo.

They are messengers from Heaven,
For man's comfort they are given,
In their humble way, they point to Realms above,
This low plain of common grief,
Where no surcease or relief
From Life's sorrows comes, save in the "God is Love."



SARAH BELL.

I met you in the springtime, Sarah Bell,
When flowers bloomed and birds sang in the dell;
And tho' scorching summer days have come and gone,
And bleak Winter, too, has gamboled on the lawn,
And another spring has come, sweet Sarah Bell,
I love you and I'm waiting in the dell.
I'm waiting here for you, my Sarah Bell.
Won't you come and listen to the tale I'd tell?

Southern Symphonies

There's no audience to hear, save the flowers and birdies
dear,
And their tongues we need not fear, sweet Sarah Bell.

Ah, my call, alas! has met an answer soon,
Here beneath the elm where purple violets bloom,
Oh, my heart breaks now, my dear lost Sarah Bell,
By this fresh mound where you're sleeping in the dell;
Here I want to lie in death beside you, dear,
Sweet, you hear no moan, you see no falling tear.



LOVE VOWS.

There's a sadness to-night in your eyes, Love,
Tho' the love-light will ever remain,
I can quickly interpret its meaning—
I can guess what has caused you deep pain;
On my brow, once so smooth, you see furrows,
And my eyes that once sparkled, are dim,
And the glossy hair you oft caressed, dear,
Has begun to grow silvered and thin.
The peach-blossom tint of my cheeks, dear,
Has faded and left not a trace
That once it would deepen to rose-blush
And beautify Youth's joyous face.
Mid the cares of your own busy life, dear,
These changes you have failed to see,
And the force of the shock brings this sadness,
Which has reflex action on me—
But a happy thought strikes me, withal, dear,
There is one gem old Time has not marred—
Aye, the heart that you wooed in its springtime,
Tho' with sin and deep sorrow has warred,
Yet 'tis true as in days long ago, dear,
To you, precious heart, staunch and brave,

Southern Symphonies

And 'twill beat in response to your heart-throbs,
Till numbed by chill Death in the grave.
Your true heart hath ne'er known a rival
Since first you came into my life,
When we stood at the Hymeneal altar
And the man of God called me your wife.



INCLINATION VS. DUTY.

Oftentimes my soul grows weary,
And it longs to soar away,
Up to Plains of endless Day.
Ah, it faces this strong query,
Why not dare each step you may?

Inexpedient, rash, and daring,
Are the many things that rise,
Crying down the prudent, wise;
Tho' the garments they are wearing,
Are alluring—woven lies.

Duty sternly bids me tarry,
Looking not to left nor right,
Doing what appears in sight;
David-like to meet and parry
Every giant, every wight.

Inexorable commands of Duty,
Thunder in my soul and live,
Audience I can but give;
So I flee deceptive Beauty,
Softly whispering, "Come and live."

Southern Symphonies

SOLACE.

It was meet that she should leave us when the leaves were
gold and red,
Ere the wintry storms could grieve us, singing requiems
o'er our dead.
She was spared thro' many seasons, tho' no frost of time
had marred
Her rich beauty. There were reasons why from earthly
care she's barred.
She was such a fragile flower, rude cold blasts could but
have chilled;
Death was Mercy with her dower, when her gentle heart
was stilled.
But we cannot cease our sorrow, for we miss her presence
bright,
Tho' we know the promised morrow will reflect consoling
light.



TO THOMAS A. EDISON.

Wizard of all modern ages; mighty mind that knows no
clime,
What ye've learned was sought by sages—greater far than
gold or rhyme.
Wondrous mind, alert to science; miracles your brain hath
wrought,
With God's own 't has formed alliance; alchemy your
secrets sought.
Minds like yours have blessed the people; lives like yours
are not in vain;
Standest thou the mighty steeple on Life's building, borne
in pain.

Southern Symphonies

O, BETHLEHEM!

Dear little town of Bethlehem, favored of God of all the
earth;

Your fruitage did the world condemn (thou chosen for
the Christ-child's birth),

Above the humble homes, the Star guided the Wise men
to the stall,

The very air was filled afar with angel's anthems over all.

O, Bethlehem, Judean hills! obscure, yet heralded abroad
By seraphim; thy fate instills a lesson from the soul of
God.

Methinks to-day, the air again is full of "Peace, good-
will toward men!"

My ear catches the heavenly strain, the angels heard near
Bethlehem.



BETTER WEAR OUT THAN TO RUST OUT.

Better wear out than to rust out, for you'll do the world
some good;

But the plow that lies inactive, ne'er will help its brother-
hood.

Better keep on delving, digging, tho' no reward 'pears in
sight,

For the tool lasts longer, brother, that is used with all your
might.

Better keep the cogs a turning, than to let them rust in
place;

The machinery lasts longer that is oiled and keeps apace.
Better wear out than to rust out, better keep in constant

trim,

Southern Symphonies

When the Master Mechanic calls us up to work for Him,
 "Well say, 'Well done,' my brother, that reward,—ah
 sweet even be
 better wear our chain to rust out" fits us for eternity.



TELL ME, DARLING

TELL ME, DARLING, TELL ME TRUTH,
 IF AS YOU STAND WITH ME,
 YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE ME ALONE,
 TELL ME, WOULD I BREAK YOUR HEART?

SOME DAYS WE STAND IN MY OWN HOME,
 AND YOU STAND BY MY SIDE,
 AND YOU STAND BY MY SIDE,
 TELL ME, WOULD I BREAK YOUR HEART?

SOME DAYS WE STAND IN MY OWN HOME,
 AND YOU STAND BY MY SIDE,
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 AND YOU STAND BY MY SIDE,
 TELL ME, WOULD I BREAK YOUR HEART?

Southern Symphonies

WE PLIGHTED OUR TROTH WHEN THE YEAR WAS OLD.

We plighted our troth when the Year was old,
And beneath a mistletoe-spray,
I pressed her fondly in my embrace,
As she shyly named the day;

Yule-tide has come and gone since then,
Full many times, but alas!
Never again has it brought, nor will,
The joy of that sweet hour passed.

For never again did my darling look
Confidingly up at me,
And coyly whisper soft words of love,
As I swore, "I love only thee."

Some one sowed seeds of mistrust and doubt,
Which my haughty pride ignored,
I asked not an explanation, e'en when
Her sad, pleading eyes implored.

In the busy world we drifted apart,
But I've loved her, tho' Pride demurred;
And at the glad season of "Peace on earth,"
Doubly holy mem'ries are stirred.



ALLEGIANCE.

With furrowed brow and a touch of gray
In his hair, stood a sad-faced man,
And looked down upon a sweet young girl,
Who knelt with pale flowers in her hand.

Southern Symphonies

Yes, place them on her grave, my daughter,
She was your mother, darling, tho' she erred,
It rends my heart, my fair, sweet Bessie,
That you have all of her dark story heard.

No houri e'er was lovelier or fairer,
Than she who sleeps here, Bessie, near our feet,
No heathen ever worshipped half so blindly,
As I adored your mother, Bessie, sweet.

But in an hour of weakness, Bessie, daughter,
She left my love, my home, and even you,
And fled with him, who'd dogged my life and love, dear,
And in a fatal hour she proved untrue.

My love has never wavered, Bessie, darling—
You bear the name my precious young wife bore,
And long I sought her but—in death I found her—
My daughter, do not, do not ask me more!



JESSIE LEE.

The geese are flying northward, and the bluebird's call
is heard,
And the blades are gently peeping, while the baby leaves
are stirred;
Surely all this change in Nature, ushers in the glad, bright
spring,
So I wander in the woodlands, while thro' all my soul
doth ring,

Whisp'rings of Spring, the season of love,
By rippling brooks, I hear cooing doves,
Then my heart turns to my fair Jessie Lee,
Golden haired Jessie, her sweet face I see.

Southern Symphonies

Ah, but the summer season is fraught with pain and grief,
My Jessie Lee is fading, as does the autumn leaf,
The sweet blue eyes grow dimmer, and late one summer
day,
I gazed thro' tears on her white face, as cold and still she
lay.



THE WOODLAND QUEEN.

Sweet purple violet bells, growing in the shady dells,
With your modest faces sweet, looking up, the sun to
greet,
As he sifts thro' spreading leaves, which a sort of lace-
work weaves,
O'er your little purple faces, always found in remote
places.
Surely Gray had you in mind, (to your charms he was
not blind),
When he spoke of flowers that bloom and shed their rich
and sweet perfume,
Unknown—unseen, by any eye, save His who sees you
from on high;
For few will stop to woo your grace, or kiss your modest
purple face,
But with your heart of purest gold, I hail your beauty
and I hold
You as a gentle queen of flowers, blooming in your dainty
bowers,
Of the woodland, where your part is to dwell near Na-
ture's heart,
But the duties of my way, separate us for the day;
But I will return, sweet flower, and repose in this cool
bower,
And in your sweet face will see, much that He has done
for me.

Southern Symphonies

HER SOLDIER BOY.

"Little girl, why in your sweet blue eyes, is there a
dreamy sadness to-night?
I have been wond'ring if it is because soon I must pass far
beyond your sight;
But, little darling, just bear in mind, I'm leaving my
heart's best love with you,
And the rich store of my love, my sweet, e'en thro' all
changes will keep me true.
When midst the roar of the cannon, dear, I march forth
at my country's call,
Should Death sever the thread of life, I'll see your blue
eyes as I fall."
Home came the company, after long months—but no lad
met the eyes of blue,
With true love in his own dark orbs. But to his country
he had been true.



YOU HAVE CHANGED SINCE LAST WE MET.

You have changed since last we met, dear,
The old love-light in your eyes,
I no longer find, sweet Nellie,
Are you weary of the ties
That hold you in galling bondage—
But to me, how sweet the chain
You wish riven—Nellie darling,
Good-bye, dear, I'll not remain.

If sometime you need a friend, dear,
In some hour of direst need,

Southern Symphonies

You have but to send the summons,
And I'll come to you with speed,
For my love is just as deep, dear,
Tho' it strikes no answering chord
In your heart, which has grown cold, dear,
And I ask no tender word;

But I only say, remember,
You will never meet again
One who loves with such devotion,
One who'd spare you every pain;
So but grant me this request, dear,
Wheresoe'er your feet may rove,
Just remember, oh, my darling,
I would die, my love to prove.



MARY OF LONG AGO.

Her dress it is quaint and olden,
The bodice is slender and straight,
The curls round her face are golden—
Round her face where the roses wait.

Voluminous skirts just brushing,
The tips of her dainty feet,
As she sits in the twilight hushing,
In the wide old window seat.

Just peep, as she sits inditing,
A missive of love, I ween,
In the old-fashioned slanting writing—
Ah, it whispers of more than is seen.

No one must see it ever—
No one, save the one alone,

Southern Symphonies

From whom naught but death may sever;
He will come ere the year is grown.

Out thro' the June-gold sunlight,
He'll come like some knight of old—
Her cheeks crimson there in the twilight,
For she thinks of the tale that he told.

Demure as a gray mouse—sealing,
With the wax seal of ages gone,
With never a thought of repealing,
She sends it ere breaks the dawn.

Then hurries to wait upon Father,
“’Tis time for our tea, Mary, dear.”
His voice all the joy-beams gather,
And she’s happy whenever he’s near.

Up in the musty old garret,
When the dolorous rain fell slow,
Ah read—but you’ll kindly spare it,
For it breathes of the Long, Long Ago:

“Heart’s Dearest:—I shall be faithful,
And go when you come for me.”
Somehow, prophetic, wraithful—
Seemed that promise, for well knew we,

That he who received that letter,
Was never allowed a bride,
For the angels seemed to know better,
And they carried her over the Tide,

While yet in her maiden beauty,
He was faithful as she would have been,
And we reverently did but duty,
When we folded that missive again.

Southern Symphonies

INFINITUDE.

Surely, heart's dearest, you would not attempt to gauge
The love you have for me or I for you;
With all the world unrolled in one great page,
I ne'er could write, sweetheart, what you are due.
Could ocean's blue be one great scroll, dear heart,
Could all the sky and space between which lies—
I could not tell the pain when we two part,
I could not—Love, such effort, would despise.
There is no limitation—reckoning, dear,
There are no bounds by earth or sea or sky—
Love levels every barrier, conquers fear—
Love can be crucified, but cannot die.



ALONE.

Softest roses bloom and shed their fragrance,
Late blue violets breathe their souls away;
In the hush of twilight here I linger—
We roamed here before you went away.

Down these paths, twin soul, we strolled together,
Gold and crimson roses drunk on dew
Nodded to us in the witching moonlight—
Life's sweet chorus then was you—just you.

Your dear fingers plucked the radiant blossoms,
Wove them into wreaths for me to wear—
Ah, methinks again I feel love's thrilling,
As you twined them in my dewy hair.

Southern Symphonies

Pale white lilies nod from yonder corner,
Stars peep down and gaze into my eyes;
I must leave this blessed Haunt of Memory.
Would that years could make the heart grow wise.



ONE SUMMER NIGHT.

That night, my love, the stars stole one by one,
The young moon hung up in the vault of blue;
Your eyes sufficed—no need of moon or sun—
Your lips like crimson roses steeped in dew.

The nodding jessamine held out fragrance rare,
The white magnolia swung her incense high,
The tuberose poured her amorous soul out there,
The noiseless fireflies floated flashing by;

The roses broke their box of spikenard, too,
The night winds serenaded in the trees,
All, passion-prodigo, they sang of you,
Then came to me, your voice upon the breeze.

Ah, fairy panorama, music sweet,
Ah, flow'rets shed your fragrance all in vain—
All else is lost when here we fondly meet,
Sweeter than life, this joy-fraught blissful pain.



PREMONITION.

Oh, let me die while yet my soul is brimming
With dreams, with hopes, with aspirations high,
While in my brain are glorious fancies swimming,
Radiant with beauty, let my young soul die.

Southern Symphonies

I pray I may not outlive dreams I've cherished;
Let me not dormant or indifferent grow—
Oh, ere my soul's best products all have perished,
Kind Fate, I pray thee, pray thee, let me go.

Ere years of uselessness stretch 'fore me, round me,
Ere, fancy-built, my castles topple down,
I plead, beseech, I earnestly call to thee,
Blight what is left by Death's cold, chilling frown.



FIRST LOVE.

Out on the green lawn, we played together,
Both knowing something we could not explain
Had stolen in, bringing sunshiny weather
To our young hearts, tho' it lower and rain.

There in the soft light, the young stars laughing,
With songs like wine in our young hearts' heart,
Blushing, because there were others chaffing,
Wishing we might not be kept apart.

(Mirthful breezes that tossed and tangled
All my brown hair, as we shyly stood,
So near, that a tress o'er your shoulder dangled—
You caught to your lips—ah, I understood.)

Dear, we were young, but the world holds for us,
Naught to intoxicate, like the bliss
That thro' us thrilled, as the roses saw us,
When you coyly gave me that first shy kiss.

Southern Symphonies

THE SINGER.

(To Mrs. Jap Record.)

Too much like an angel of light was she,
Too sweet was her voice for a mortal choir,
So she slipped away to the heavenly lea,
That she might the chorus of heaven inspire.

The clay cold body was laid away,
And tears, like rain, fell above the sod,
'Twas whispered, "She is no more," that day—
Ah, but she is, for she dwells with God.

Oft had she sung into hearts that loved,
The singer divine, that we see not here,
Ah, but the parting has only proved
Tho' flitted above, is her memory dear.



TEDDY AND HIS BEAR.

There was a boy named Teddy and he had a little bear,
Like "Mary's Lamb," it was on hand, and followed every-
where.

And so instead of going to school, to church it went one
day;

When Teddy sat down in his pew, and bowed his head
to pray

He suddenly began to know and feel and realize
That there was some excitement 'mongst the staid, the
old, the wise;

But then, he could not raise his head—his pious mother
near

Would in her own persuasive (?) way, punish her Teddy
dear.

Southern Symphonies

The climax came, to Ted's relief, when a shrill scream he
heard,
So lusty that his mother felt her dignity was stirred;
And just like everybody else, she turned to see the cause,
But Teddy knew before he looked, for he felt Bruin's
paws
Upon his shoulders, and he laughed—oh, naughty,
naughty boy!
The words he heard his mother speak, just filled his soul
with joy!
"You take that ugly brute right home, and don't you dare
come back."
Obediently, he followed out, right in old bruin's track.



FAITHFULNESS.

Be sure, dear Heart, I will love you ever,
Always, forever, and even a day,
Tho' cruel Fate would the love-bonds sever—
In my heart lives a shrine that will stand for aye.

Twain of my soul, tho' they call me fickle,
God of my heart, I can smile and die,
They dream not my heart feels the poignant sickle,
They never suspect that my smile is a lie.

We walked in the joy-time of laughing Summer,
We loved when the harvest moon hung high,
Daily the bright prattling brooks grow dumber,
O'er my heart and all Nature, dark vultures fly.

But soul of my soul, tho' the night grows longer,
And ice-regaled worlds spread their mantles white,
Daily, aye hourly, the young god grows stronger—
Growing apace in his fancy and might.

Southern Symphonies

TOO LATE.

Dear, had you brought the pearls of Love and Joy,
Awhile agone and placed them on my brow—
But, ah, a woman's heart is not a toy—
Beyond my heart, the barren wastes stretch now.

The chilling blasts have frozen April's flowers,
And drear December's icy scepter sways.
My heart is barren of its bloss'ning bowers—
Dear Heart, we never more can live those days.

Those dear, sweet days, 'twere pain but to recall,
When soul-buds blossomed—but the bloom has gone—
White winter now has settled like a pall,
This Love-Night ne'er will know a rosy dawn.



YULE-TIDE.

Hurry, scurry, rush, and clatter,
Now, I wonder what's the matter;
Little voices swell with gladness—
Banish discontent and sadness.
From the East there comes a reason—
"Peace, good-will,"—ah, joyful season.
'Twas a little child first brought it,
And the angels, themselves, taught it—
Taught the world to sing with pleasure,
At the advent of Heaven's Treasure.

Southern Symphonies

THANKSGIVING.

Have I aught for which to be thankful?
But yesterday, I'd have said "Nay,"
But the very blessing of living,
Fills my heart with thanksgiving to-day.

For I've learned from another's anguish,
That my burdens are easy and light;
Flowers supplant now the thorns and the choking weeds,
In my soul bloom Hope's roses white.



THE NIGHT BRINGS REST.

Why worry because there seems naught to hope,
No sunlight sifts, where we blindly grope;
Ah, what is in store, is, perchance, the best,
And the night brings welcome rest.

Tho' skies are leaden and chill the breeze,
Tho' birds sing not in the barren trees,
The spring-god whispers this sweet behest,
Ah, the night brings solace and rest.

We will call a truce to worry and care,
A fig for the sombre robes we wear;
We'll smile at the croaker's fusty request,
For the night brings rest, sweet rest.

Southern Symphonies

WOULD YOU?

I can hear a wee voice calling, "Muver, tum an' see;"
I can hear some object falling. Wonder what 't can be!
Hurrying in with rush and clatter, baby, I espy
To his elbows, in the batter, nor the cook is nigh.
"I tan make some muffins, Muver, see, I have the rings."
First impulse, I quickly smother, for harsh words it
brings;
So instead, I clasp my treasure, tho' he smears my dress,
Giving kisses without measure. (Shocked that I confess?)



LIGHT.

Ah, what it means in its mighty import!
"Let there be light," was the first command
Thundering down the long line of ages;
Greater and greater is the demand.
Scientists grope in the hazy twilight,
Praying for light 'mid the clouds that fall.
Heathen nations to idols bowing,
Remind us to carry God's light to all.
Flowers and birds and the Nation's life-blood
Struggle for light, and without it, die;
Life in the lowest scale requires it,
And when excluded, pine and sigh.
Well, we know that its pure effulgence,
Perfect will be, in that Realm of Light,
Where never a shadow falls o'er Heaven's glory,
To mar its purity and rich delight.

Southern Symphonies

RECOMPENSE.

'Twas in the dewy morning of my life,
Ere real lessons I had met and learned,
But oftentimes, amid life's moil and strife,
Back to "What might have been," I've sadly turned.

Up to the starry heights I've turned my eyes,
Up to the plains, where beauteous angels roam,
And I have prayed with fervor—"Make me wise,
Help me to covet not that sinless Home!"

Ah, well I know, and oft have realized,
My kind All-Father, thou but loved him more,
That thou took hence, the treasure thou hadst prized—
Sparing the toil, the future held in store.

I will not weep but pray for greater strength,
Only to hug not to my heart, regret,
That from my life, so soon, thy own's brief length,
Rudely was taken ere life's woes were met.

Well do I know when we have met once more,
My scalding tears your willing hands will dry,
Rest there I'll find for burdens here, I bore,
Ecstasy for every sin or weary sigh.



'Twas OTHERWISE DECREED.

A youth dreamed fondly of the future years,
And said, "I'll do a mighty work in life,
I'll blazon thro' the Halls of Fame, that rears
Her stately columns—let my name be rife."

Southern Symphonies

But when the years unfolded bright and fair,
He was not there.

A dainty flower, in dreams unrealized,
Hoped, yet to feel the soft thrill of the sun,
And Love's white kiss, its closed petals prized,
But when chill Winter's course was fully run—
The plantlet basked out in the open air—
The dreamer was not there.

Full many a name was heralded abroad,
And myriad flowers shed their sweet perfume,
There was no dearth of noble deeds to laud;
Yet, ah, closed life and flower dead too soon!
Poor, silent form, sweet flower that never bloomed,
So soon entombed!



THE CLOCK.

Ticking out souls at every stroke,
Counting the hearts that are well-nigh broke,
Ticking in tiny young wailing lives,
That somewhere on earth, at each stroke arrives;
Tolling the hour for the hearse or bier,
Chiming out, too, as the bride draws near;
Pealing the hours for the sons of toil,
On the healthful farms, in the city's moil;
Dolefully showing the millionaire
That his money can't buy of your precious ware,
For you tick right on, tho' he shakes with fear,
At the gliding hours that will draw Death near.
You hurry the loiterer on to school,
Lest he be tardy and break a rule.
You speak to the doctor, his limit brief,
When Death stands grimly to grasp a sheaf.

Southern Symphonies

Playing your tireless, unceasing part,
Your duty acts on soul, mind and heart,
And your patience and industry teach to man,
He must use what you give, in his life's brief span.



ALTRUISM.

Afar on the blue plains I can see
One tiny astral flame.
A fearful neophyte is he,
As he winks and blinks and longs to be
Back with his comrades glad and free,
For he seemeth faint and lame.

But, ah, how he glows when the millions shine!
This timid young novice he,
He draweth light from the endless line,
Just as my poor strength helpeth thine,
And just as my brother's aideth mine—
Naught liveth alone, I see.



SONG.

Soft notes soothe the wailing infant,
Childhood loves and leans to song,
Blushing maids sing Love's young story,
Hoary age sings sweet and long
Of those days when life was youthful,
And when flowers of hope bloomed bright—
One by one their perfume wafted,
Gently borne from mortal sight.

Southern Symphonies

Now in song, howe'er discordant,
Afric's lover to his maid
Pours his amorous soul out to her,
Since on shores of Time they've played.
Esquimaus croon to their babies,
Chinese sing when they are glad,
In the wilds of far Australia,
Song is heard that maketh sad.
All the world of love is singing,
Be it child or lover fond,
Mother-love would fill vast volumes,
But the holiest, purest bond
Is the love the wise All-Father
To His singing children speaks,
And thro' ages and all nations
"God is Love"—the glad song breaks.



FATE.

Should you come back with the fragments of the old love,
Sweet, and say,
"I have prayed and waited long for this good day"—
Should you whisper in my aching heart and say you
loved but me,
I could but close my lips to say you nay.
I dare not trust myself to speak to thee.
It were better—God knows best, dear—we must each go
our own way,
And well I know you'd murmur firmly "nay,"
Should I go to your famished heart and speak,
I know you pray each hour and weary day,
For strength to keep the vain tears from your cheek.

Southern Symphonies

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

He was in the song you sang upon that holy Sabbath
morn,
Ah, remember you, the pure impulse that in your soul
was born?
He heard the supplication which your heart poured out
in tears,
Tho' you recognized Him not, He stood and calmed your
heinous fears.

He, it was, who moved upon the heart of one who with
disdain,
Had met you oft, and her hauteur had caused you an-
guished pain;
But ah, that day she met you with a kindly word and
smile,
But you dreamed not His divinity had shaped her ways
the while.

'Twas His presence in the flowers which you took to that
dark room,
That caused the sunken eyes to gleam—that banished
suff'ring's gloom.
He was with you—just beside you—when you gave the
barefoot boy
The few shining coins with which to buy a loaf and e'en
a toy;

You saw the hungry yearning for the bright new sled,
but, dear,
He just whispered and you acted—He was with you, oh,
so near!
When the hot rebellious carpings rose up to your lips that
day,
It was He who helped you curb your tongue and drive
your wrath away.

Southern Symphonies

Ah, you knew He stood beside you, for you leaned hard
in that hour
When you stood beside your darling—gazing on Death's
gruesome power—
There was no one else to help you and your dire ex-
tremity
Turned your helpless face unto Him—'twas His oppor-
tunity.

When the cold, white face was hidden, and the cruel clods
like lead
Struck your bleeding heart—you felt that earthly peace
and joy were fled,
But a still, small voice beside you—ah, within you—whis-
pered low
"I am with you alway; fear not. Where you're called to
go, I'll go."



MUSIC.

All we have here, that we're promised,
When the Narrow Vale we've crossed—
Prayer, we'll need not o'er the Border,
Faith will then in sight be lost.

Sermons will be wrapt in harvest,
Work there will be recompensed,
And the music of the ages
Will in one song be condensed.

Just a symphony of praises,
Love and adoration meet,
To the Lamb once slain there raises,
From the angel-choir so sweet.

Southern Symphonies

NIGHT.

It falls like a mantel of comfort 'round me,
Bringing the calm that my soul doth crave,
Quiet—a holy hush—falls o'er me,
Fitting me, too, for the morrow be brave.

Cares of the day, like a garment leave me,
Morpheus holds me in close embrace,
Beautiful restful Night, I love thee,
God hath ordained thee a holy place.

Anguish of mind, thou doth banish from me
Night rest, new lease lends to weary life,
Wrapping your sombre wings around me,
I nestle and hide from the day's pain and strife.



THAT DAY.

That was a day I shall ne'er forget,
Feathery clouds floated up in the blue,
The great sire of light had just but set,
Not yet with the dew were the grass-blades wet—
That eve by the gate with you.

The mock-bird poured out his soul in song,
A rhapsody dearer than pearls;
The katy-did chirped as we strolled along,
And you kissed my lips (ah, it was not wrong!)
And you softly caressed my curls.

Southern Symphonies

Love-mad all Nature smiled on us two;
The pure stars jeweled the brow of night,
Little we dreamed that that hour we'd rue,
Never suspected it was not right,
Nor that on our fondness would fall a blight—
But Eros claims each debt due.

That evening when into my ear you said
You had loved ere you met my face—
Well, I knew then we could never wed,
Tho' never will love for you be dead,
Yet I'd hide from the world each trace.



WINTER'S PRELUDE.

Hear drought-fly's whirring and the lonesome cooing,
As gray doves sit in sad expectancy.
Ah, well they know that Autumn now is wooing
Old Winter with his sure decrepancy.

The wind sighs sadly and with gusts stirs madly,
The heavy clouds bank up in north and west,
Only the Harvest Home rings sweetly, gladly—
Nature knows she must lose the brightest, best.

For soon the barren trees will stand up grimly,
'Gainst leaden skies that weep the whole day long;
Old Winter will stand by austere, grimly,
Round corners playing doleful funeral song.

All the wee birdies and the happy flowers
Must sleep or hie away to other fields;
Ah, Autumn bringeth dreamy, hazy hours,
We dread the chilling aftermath it yields.

Southern Symphonies

RUE TO ROSES.

Sad was my heart and the day was dreary,
Not a faint ray pierced the December day;
I helped a brother all footsore and weary—
Birdsong and flowers burst forth on my way.



THE SINGER.

Adown the glen, a lilting song I heard,
And I was full of pain and vain regret,
But when I saw the singer, I was stirred,
Tho' I would fain have heard or said no word,
Yet the sweet, solemn face—it haunts me yet.



MY LIFE'S FABRIC.

When the grim summons comes, if soon or late,
I pray ye see that what I've woven here
May live thro' time while silently I wait,
Safe in that bourne, where never falls a tear.
Have I wrought well? I've used the talents given,
Nor shrunk from rugged paths, nor jeers, nor scorn,
The best within me I have freely given;
Now let its warp and woof my life adorn.
Ay, surely shafts of jealousy, no more,
Nor Envy's carpings will be heard or hurled;
I fear them not; they cannot pass Life's shore;
None can e'er 'scape beyond this sordid world.

Southern Symphonies

ENTHRALLED.

He sees the thread of fire that mounts the east,
Weaving a gorgeous mantle for her feet,
He seeks the balmy shade of Noon's retreat—
And prays that from his thrall he be released.

The witching evening vespers sing of her,
The crescent mounts above the clouds that blur,
And speaks of her who brings his heart a feast,
Just to think of her—just to love but her—
Her bower's his altar—she his great high priest.

He prays for freedom from his bonds of love,
This vassalage is wearing—but how sweet,
Ah, fitful April, glorious legends, all, all prove
The love that burns thro' winter, warm and sweet—
And what but pains doth keep his heart in tune.



DROUGHT OR DELUGE.

Leadens the dull skies above me, pensive the droop of the
flowers;
Even my birds do not love me—they sing to me not in
the bowers;
'Tis typical October weather—
So many drear months come together;
Is it evened up nicely, I wonder? For amethyst skies and
May flowers
Are followed by June-gold and thunder, and cyclones and
hailstorms and showers.
Ah, well, there is naught for complaining,
If there is not a drought, it is raining.

Southern Symphonies

A SONNET TO MY TEXAS QUEEN.

Oh, the dearest eyes in the world to me
Are beautiful eyes of brown;
And the sweetest maiden on land or sea
Lives south, in a Texas town.
Ah, melting eyes full of mischief and fun,
Ye wist not the havoc your glances had done.

Oh, the dearest face of a poet's dream
Is the face with the sweet brown eyes,
Crowned with rich tresses that brightly gleam
With the brown like the eyes that I prize.
Ah, ye eyes of brown and ye tresses, too,
Ye hold me in thralldom; I worship you.

Oh, lips, like twin roses, behind which hide
Pearls fair as a maiden's dream;
Let me drink of your nectar; all else beside
I care not what is or may seem.
Just to bask in your smile, I could die in peace—
From the chains of Eros I seek no release.



WORK.

Work is a panacea for life's myriad sorrows—
The daily round of labor, irksome seems,
But for the surcharged mind, employment borrows,
Days, months, e'en years, for hearts filled with mad
dreams,
The nimble finger busy with its duties

Southern Symphonies

Takes from the brain the fire of discontent,
And every task reveals new, stranger beauties,
Shielding what yesterday we underwent.
A soul that dreams grows mad in idle hours,
When fed on leisure and the foam of time;
E'en Art, when lounging 'mid sweet, dreamy bowers,
Forgets oftimes its music and its rhyme.
If dormant brain affords a shop for sinning,
And wicked workmanship is wrought therein,
Then idle hands must be the forge, beginning
The iron bands that bind the soul in sin.



MEMORY'S GARDEN.

Ah, Love of the other days, I live o'er the time now past,
Sweeter the rose-decked bowers than ever they were
of yore,
Scarlet, and gold and white—and these beauteous flowers
will last,
For my gardener is Memory, and he gives me a won-
derful store.

Hush! See the garden I've made, with its dainty white
lily-bells,
With its odorous musky bowers down where the hills
clasp hands,
Jessamine pours out its soul and the tale of our old love
tells
Why the shy winds steal thro' the trees and to them
a tale expands.

The soft, inquisitive moon peeps down with her silvery
hair
Falling around her feet, and she smiles on the blossoms
sweet,

Southern Symphonies

Fain would I tell you again, but I know that I may not dare.

You would, I know, so gladly the long-silent story repeat.

I would not exchange my place to-night for a royal seat,
For no heartaches steal in this eve, to this beautiful
fancy-built nook,

For I live in my castles in air—'tis the safest and sweetest retreat.

Into my refuge, the real things of life dare not enter
or even to look.



AUTUMN.

Ho, she comes with bounds, with dancing;

Brown her hair and red her cheeks,

With no side-long peeps she's glancing,

Nor in amorous tones she speaks.

Boldly she asserts her right here,

Claims the vari-colored leaves;

Pauses not, nor heeds the bright tear,

As all Nature mourns and grieves.

E'en the wind is sadly sighing,

Soughing thro' what leaves remain—

Mournful cadences, songs dying,

As the birds flit by again.

'All the leaves reflect her tresses,

Or shine like her cheeks aglow;

Ah, too soon, they'll feel caresses

Of their Mother, 'neath the snow.

Southern Symphonies

A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

Come, cast your ballot, brother, you may save a thousand
souls,

That one vote may be a vital turning point,
You may check the downward course to Death, that
from the Rum-shop rolls,
For loftier, nobler life, a soul anoint.

Step up boldly for the Right; shrink not back from
Duty's call;

Let your ballot be a harbinger of peace,
Let the rainbow hues of love and joy fall softly over all,
As crime and awful vices all decrease.

To be a true Samaritan, your neighbor you must help,
And now's the time to save the brands from fire;
'Tis a question, not of dollars, but of godliness and right,
Which to carry, every mortal should desire.

You owe it to your womanhood, to your manhood, to
your own,

To blot the glaring evil from the land.

You owe it to the church and state, to God, to home,
and Heaven—

Aye, every voice sends up a shrill demand.

In clarion notes, from prison halls, from gibbet, and
byways,

The wails of anguish, as in concert swell,
And irresistibly it pleads for justice for mankind,
So let each ballot be a Rum's death knell.

Southern Symphonies

DOWN WITH THE MONSTER.

Down, down with the Monster, the father of vice,
At whose very conception dark demons did dance.
Ye men, ye have power to throttle your foe,
This reptile who carries grim death in his glance.

The murderer who causes the widow's sad wail
To mingle with orphans' low pitiful prayer,
And brings down in sorrow the tottering sire,
And whitens, too, early, the mother's soft hair.

In the home where once plenty and honor were found,
To-day are the hot-beds of want and disgrace;
And where families knelt at their own altar fires,
Vile curses are reeking, the walls to deface.

The prison, the gibbet, the offsprings of Sin,
Cast shadows o'er homes where the sunshine of love
Illumined, not long since, the pure-honored board,
As was sent the triune benediction above.

All vital issues now combine on this one;
'Tis a question of business, of marital ties,
Of honor, whose stainless escutcheon bears
A record so pure that her name never dies.

'Tis a question of Right and of Justice to all,
'Tis a moral issue of such paramount worth,
'Tis a question for prayer and for hot-blinding tears,
'Tis an issue to meet by our own cottage hearth.

'Tis a question in which God Himself is concerned.
The angels bend over now, anxious to learn,
If man will, in the power of his manhood destroy,
Or in rash, blinded weakness, from Liberty turn.

Southern Symphonies

You are facing a moment in which by one move,
The balance may turn to your own endless woe.
The present is pregnant with souls' destinies,
Which by you may be raised—or sent swiftly below.

Can you question which way you your ballot will cast?
Can you parley one moment or long hesitate?
Is the way not so plain that a wayfaring man
Need longer with doubtings or misgivings wait?

Come, put your brave shoulder right now to the wheel,
And push to the finish the good work begun;
And say in your manhood, and by your own rights,
You'll mould, too, the bullets, that are death to old
Rum.



WHAT I WOULD DO, I DO NOT.

I've waged a war with self, nor ever conquered.
The foe is strong—cannot be put to flight.
Too strong the manacles that bind my nature—
The inclination to do wrong for right.

My evil spirits hold the mastery o'er me.
I hope not to defeat them in the race,
And yet 'tis but man's nature oft-repeated—
Attempting what we never can deface.

My strength is weakness in the hour of struggle.
I never knew a victory o'er my foe—
A wizened dwarf, and yet much-dreaded warrior—
Who makes a swathe wherever he may go.

Old Self will conquer, by an evil genius,
Who helps him in each battle he doth wage,
And then bereft of power to stem the current,
I yield to every ally they engage.

Southern Symphonies

I find so oft my very will subservient.
I find myself on yielding ground each day,
Resisting not the force arrayed against me—
The evil spirits find me but child's play.

If I depend upon my own weak nature,
No foe I'll rout, no enemy subdue;
My aid must come from whence come Mercy's agents,
Who ne'er refuse to aid when aid we sue.



TO THE OLD COMRADES OF THE LOST CAUSE.

The dear old eyes, how they glisten with a dewy, tender
light,
At the sound of their comrades' greetings, and each
face of familiar sight.
The sweeping beard so hoary, how they stroke as they
hear the cheers,
And themselves chime in as they listen again, to the
"Dixie" of by-gone years.

Once more the cane seems needless, so sprightly they
grow as they meet,
Recounting their days of terror—yet the danger was then
so sweet.
Then they speak of awful privations. Ah, well they
hurry on,
To some humorous incident that befell some father's
gallant son.

Less and less each year grows the number, for the Reaper
his visits make,
And the answer to roll-call sadder grows, as homeward
their flight they take;

Southern Symphonies

But, ah, may their last days be bright ones—supported
by hope divine—

And at the general roll-call, Saviour, may all be thine!

How we love the gray-haired old soldiers, who so nobly
stood by our South!

And at each yearly Reunion, their praise is in every
mouth;

We think of their valiant deeds and love, their unselfish
acts so brave,

And we cannot restrain a tear, for we know hosts sleep
in an unknown grave.

There's but few of the Flower of our Southland, who
went forth in their buoyant youth,

Under flags hemmed and stitched by women pure, and
endeared by her heart's sweet truth—

They, the pride and the hope of our Country, the "Lost
Cause" did sustain

'Mid showers of Yankee bullets, near the 'front ranks
they would remain.

In their gray coats, the stalwart laddies, now gray with
the Winter's frost,

Quailed not at the sight of gaping wounds, nor grudged
they the fearful cost.

With a courage born of conviction, of Right and of
Justice to man,

Unflinchingly they answered the bugle call, each one in
a clique or clan.

Now the bugle call soundeth doleful, so many have
crossed over the tide;

And the roll call meets few responses—they respond on
the other side.

Yet we cherish with tender devotion the few patriarchs
who remain

As monuments of the Confederate cause—the beautiful
ripened grain.

Southern Symphonies

I NEED THEE.

I daily feel the need of Him
Who promised He would ne'er forsake,
For tho' my soul doth not rebel,
The flesh is weak and I partake
Of sins which wring the throbbing heart
Of God the Father and the Son,
Who groaned in agony and woe,
That for me, vict'ry might be won.

I need Thy aid, oh Holy One,
I need Thy aid, my Father's Son,
Thou Calvary's Lamb, now Risen King,
Help me, thy praises, e'er to sing.
Help me to live in touch with Thee,
Low, near a throne of pard'ning grace,
That when the summons comes to me
I may behold my Saviour's face;
In that bright realm, where angel choir
Chants round the Great White Throne above,
Oh, help me live, that I may join
In anthems of redeeming love.

Oh, help me rise on wings of light—
Leave cankering sins and cares below,
And give me e'en a lowly place,
Where Jesus will His smile bestow.
If I may only see His face,
And pierced side, and thorn-scarred brow,
Tho' glory thro' eternity,
Sufficeth for life's anguish now.

Ah, just to bask in Heaven's bliss,
And gaze on scenes from angels' brush,
And hear the music of the spheres,
Succeeded by a sacred hush

Southern Symphonies

To fall, when He of Galilee,
Sits down upon the Father's Throne,
Help me to see with those inspired,
And claim this rapture as my own.



CENTRAL, GIVE ME SANTA CLAUS.

"Central, give me Santa Claus," called an anxious little
voice,
At the Tide which every year causes children to rejoice.
Could I tell the little elf Santa had no telephone?
Rather than I answered her, in a voice thick and grown:

"Dearie, this is Santa Claus," after waiting a brief time.
"Well, dear Santa, did you get the long letter which was
mine?"

In it I asked for a doll, for a china cup and plate,
For a ball for Bruvver, too, tho' he doesn't like to wait;

I have been a wonderin' why you have never wote to
me."

In reply I answered her: "Dearie, you just wait and
see;

And you'll find each thing you've asked, for your letter
came all right,

So be sure I'll bring them there, on the eve ere Christ-
mas night."

"Thank you," piped the grateful tot; "now they needn't
say again

Santa has no telephone, for we've heard you, me and
Ben."

Think you it was wrong—the ruse? Pardonable, you
can but say,

To bring joy to two young hearts, in my simple, harm-
less way.

Southern Symphonies

TO THE MISTLETOE.

Pretty, dainty parasite, with your leaves of palest green,
And your pearly berries white, myriad branches now are
seen

On the tall, majestic oak, on the gnarled elms by the way,
On the waspish boisd' arc, too, drawing life from them
each day.

Lovers' emblem at the Tide when the Manger child was
born,

Other symbol we may find, one perhaps, this crispy morn.
We draw life from Parent Tree—life eternal, from above,
Where the Great Source dwells for aye—our sustaining
branch is Love.

So *we* must be parasites, clinging to the One who said,
"You're the branches, I the vine;" seek from Him sus-
taining bread.

Then we, like the dainty plant, may bless those whose
lives we reach,

In a potent, lovely way, be heard, tho' we make no
speech.



KNOWLEDGE VERSUS IGNORANCE

*(Inspired by reading in Shaw's Garden, in St Louis,
"Ignorance is the curse of God; Knowledge, the wings
wherewith we fly to Heaven.")*

All the chaos of the mind one day will be clear as day,
And the mysteries that wind thro' the brain will all give
'way;

Southern Symphonies

Then we'll see with prescient eyes—see and know as we
are known,
For a light supernal will cause the darkness to be flown.
Knowledge is the wings wherewith up to heavenly fields
we fly,—
Ignorance the curse of God, causing souls to shrink and
die.
Minds that grasp life's beauties here, will be thirsty for
Heaven's own,
But the soul that grovels low, aspires not to crown or
throne;
So what here is all so vague, then in perfect knowledge
clear,
We will see and recognize, as once coveted and dear.
Mystery belongs to God, yet weak mortals would per-
ceive
What hangs o'er them like a pall—we chase phantoms
that deceive.



YOUTH'S YEARS ARE FLED.

Youth's years are fled.
The transient joys, though sweet they were, are gone,
With all their dizzy heights and luring sounds.
I weep, I mourn not nor do I repine.
The riper years have brought me gifts as rare,
And recompense that compensates in full.

The rose-hued dreams—mirages by the way—
Have given place to stable, tended fields,
Wherein there grow the grain and fruits that bless,
And holy flowers that shed a fragrance rare
O'er lives that touch my own and need my love.

I feel the woes of others, nor do fail
To recognize the minor notes

Southern Symphonies

In the mournful music of the suffering;
Though once they grated and were harsh to me,
Annoying me because earth brought them woe.
Lo! now I feel a chastened, subdued love,
And sympathy for all in pain or grief,
And hand and heart alike respond with will.

I see in wondrous Nature more, far more
Than Youth, quixotic, ever gave or dreamed.
The sky a poem, all the seas a song—
Or mighty symphony of songs; the breeze
Alive with the whispering spirits whose wings beat
And lift me up to planes of fairer sphere
Than ever thoughtless, careless Youth could know.

The mind of man a panorama grand,
Spreads out to me as years advance and fade,
I feel the spirit that soars me above
On wings of elevating thoughts and dreams,
Giving me ample power to sure discern
The inspirations that make life sublime,
And lets me live in land of rosy dawns
And gorgeous beauties of the setting sun.

I love the wood, the meadows, burns, and braes;
The mountains are the sentinels that point
To the sublimity and awe of worlds
Put into space and held there by their suns.
From this great planet I can look away,
Up where the shining worlds swim in their orbs.

An oratorio the fair stars sing,
Unto this mighty world so green, so fair,
The blossoming fields, the harvest's golden grain—
All, I perceive allure my thoughts away
From sordidness, but bids me feel the pulse
Of commonalty, for their lives share not
This bliss exotic that is lent to me.

Southern Symphonies

In Nature and the powers that in me are,
I find an anchor sure and steadfast—safe;
I points, it lures, it guides, it guards my soul,
And all my being responds unto its power.
My mental, moral, and my physic will
Subservient are, unto the language spoke
By these great forces that are guide and stay,
And Pilot to a higher, better way.



A DREAM OF SPRING.

I saw the Springtime come with leap and bound.
A flush was on her cheeks and in her hands
She carried violets, steeped in dew, and red
The roses gleamed upon her bosom fair.
As gracious as Naufel's daughter was the maid;
Her hair unbound in the sweet-singing winds.
She called to me from off the Mount of Dreams,
Off'ring her wares with such alluring voice,
My soul ran out to meet her, and the flowers
Nodded their heads and in their souls, "Rejoice!"
The white anemone had not yet bloomed;
A sweeter, deeper life spoke from the trees;
The alder budded by the wayside heath;
The willow swayed with grace like Arab maid;
The splendor of a young sun, born anew,
Shone out with radiance, like the gems that gleamed
Upon the fair hands of this maid called Spring.
She was the daughter of a better earth,
Was fed and nurtured by a clearer sky;
The glory that she brought shone like the light
Of gleaming mosque for festal worship rare.
These dreams of Fancy called me, called me loud.
I looked, I hastened and her shining eyes
Gazed into mine, as her sweet lilting voice

Southern Symphonies

Bade me look up from Winter's hoary shroud—
"See, Maid of mine, oh, see, and then rejoice!
Within your own soul read solution clear
To all the beauteous longings thou hast felt.
The voice that has so surely led you on;
The shrine at which your heart has daily knelt,
Is sheltered in the niches of your heart.
Lift up your eyes from all the stormy strife—
Lift up! Lift up! and see new glorious life!"



'Twill Surely Live.

Surely the bliss I feel this hour will live.
Such simple complex beauty strangely wrought,
The rhythmic lilting of your voice ne'er taught
By olden master. All the world may give
The marvel of creation I have sought.

The gold of sun, of moon, of stars, and mines,
United years ago to weave your hair;
And all earth's glittering things so bright and rare
Waited and offered to what here entwines,
This miracle that only Nature dare.

How many sunsets, dawns, rainbows, and shells,
Lie scattered in the artist's studio;
The whorls, the colors, and the gorgeous glow,
The banks of flowers brought from greenest dells—
The result sought—it all falls far below.

The white crest of forgotten seas now lives
Within your snowy brow, and throat, and bust,
So pure it defies the low, pernicious lust
That Nature's travail now to mortal gives,
And bids the human look and love and trust.

Southern Symphonies

Within the depths of your sweet, mystic eyes,
There dwells the glow of undiscovered wealth,
That has crept in by unimagined stealth.
The fires and snows of all Time now decries
Question that they lend to the glow of health.

Upon your tongue, within your red lips lie
The nectar of the gods, earth's honey, too,
The sting of all the bees—the honey dew—
The anguish of all songs bygone and nigh—
All, in your lips and tongue a potion brew.

The grace of swans, of swaying flowers and trees,
Litter the beaches where this Artist worked,
With Nature's easel where all magic lurked—
Unnumbered songs that floated on the breeze—
Each, everything a quota never shirked.

All this and more to form one perfect girl.
Tell me, thou prescient artist, of thy power,
Created this to last this fleeting hour?
Or into vast Eternity to whirl
A matchless, glorious, awe-inspiring dower?



APOTHEOSIS OF MAN.

Thou man, the first great handiwork of God,
His plastic hand made thee of sordid clay;
How hast thou scaled this dizzy Fate-built way,
Up to these heights, above abyssmal sod?

The arts of all the ages tax thy brain,
Thy soul is fired with rapturous dreams to soar;
Thou seekest to unravel mystic lore,
And noble virtues that elude give pain,

Southern Symphonies

The gods and myths are creatures thou conceived;
Thy grand ideals reach to the sun-kissed heights.
Thy brush and chisel work the shades and lights;
Thy burin cleaves the things that have deceived.

Aye, thou hast smiled when pangs of death destroyed;
Upon the altar of thy Duty died;
A god thou art, though weaklings may deride—
With deepest science has thy great mind toyed.

Fate made thee greatest of Creation's touch,
And tossed thee into space to seek a home,
Or else in endless circles idly roam;
From chaos thou hast wrought so much, so much!

Gigantic thoughts, and passions deep as hell,
And ponderous deeds, colossal plans arise—
And thou hast taught the soul how to be wise.
And thou hast wrought, can curb, and chain, and quell.



THE POET.

Out from the bosom of forgotten things,
He brings to light and by a magic spell,
Colors with soft imaginings that tell
Of the sweet depths from which they flew on wings.

From golden sunset and the rose-kissed dawn,
From dewdrops on the feathery ferns and flowers,
He weaves a prototype of faded hours
When childhood romped upon life's emerald lawn.

Beside the laughing burns he hears the notes
Of music that has floated on the breeze
When Earth was young. Up in the towering trees
The pent-up laughter of the ages floats.

Southern Symphonies

The rose tells stories that her heart has heard,
When dewy eve lured lovers 'neath the stars,
Down dear familiar paths to rustic bars;
The rhythm shames the sweetest-throated birds.

The sighs of hearts long silent; dreams long dead,
Ambitions, hopes, that fled in infancy—
He weaves them all in touching minstrelsy.
The magic of his brain is never fled.

The witching moonlight woos his heart to song,
The rock-ribbed mountains point to heights sublime,
The fading flowers speak of life's brief time,
The dream-haunts pass his daily path, along.



PURIFIED AS BY FIRE.

When on my couch, my body racked by pain,
And life seems surely, truly worse than death,
I reach my feeble hands out in the dark,
And grope for Him who feels my faintest breath,
As it is wafted on the wings of air,
Up to that throne, where sickness is not there.

The trying hour but draws me nearer Thee;
In sweet communion soul doth speak to soul,
And faith, the day-star of a Christian's life,
Doth bid me trust, and He will make me whole.
I bear the pain and think of all He bore,
I breathe a prayer that I may pain ignore.

God knows the depths of human pain and woe,
And oh, sweet promise, He has left to man,
"I will not burden thee beyond thy strength—
I knew thy lot, before thy race began."
His grace can bring sweet bliss to suff'ring brow,
And with serenest patience, me endow.

Southern Symphonies

Thy all-absorbing love alone supports,
And gives a prop on which to lean, when we
The grim dark interloper, shrinking meet,
And must bear pain, or face eternity.
It fits for this brief sojourn in this vale,
And at the end—His grace will never fail.

A weight of glory, far exceeding, great,
Is worked for me, by suff'ring calmly here,
The dross is burnt out and my life made sweet,
By crucial tests that wring a bitter tear.
Our Pattern was a Man of Sorrows, too,
And our infirmities He e'er well knew.

But blessed thought, so fraught with comforting,
An angel bowed above His anguished form,
When thro' Gethsemane, He struggling passed,
From Agony, a perfect Peace was born.
In direst misery, the Holy Son,
Leans o'er His child, and bids him yet hope on.

This precious hope is balm in life's dark hours,
And anchors to That beyond this misty vale,
We'll smiling, bear our sicknesses, and know,
The spirit's power will our numb hearts regale;
We look to Calvary—then to Plains of Light—
And valiant soldiers grow, in life's stern fight.



AUGUST.

All palpitating, warm, and proud,
She comes, crowned with pure gold,
Riotous with summer days, aglow,
And stories not yet told.

Southern Symphonies

The deep blue of her eyes serene,
Is never dimmed with tears,
Her lips bear sweet Contentment's smile,
Nor aught she dreads or fears.

A splendid rich maturity
Sits on her gracious brow—
Her outstretched hands are laden well—
She bids tired mortals bow

And eat the promises of May
In ripe fulfillment near;
She bids them pluck the wondrous gifts
Nor know a doubt or fear.

Her perfume-laden air invites,
Her luscious fruits appeal,
Her ripened grain holds harvests rare,
No others dare reveal.

The shimmering color on the wings
Of butterflies that play
In dreamy, lazy indolence—
The brook sings its love-lay

To its fair sweetheart, just the breeze,
The argent moon in gold,
Or molten glory, points to rest—
Bids weary wings now fold.

Leave strenuous life and cares a while,
And sit in rest and peace:
Let August draw you close, so close!
While worries wholly cease.

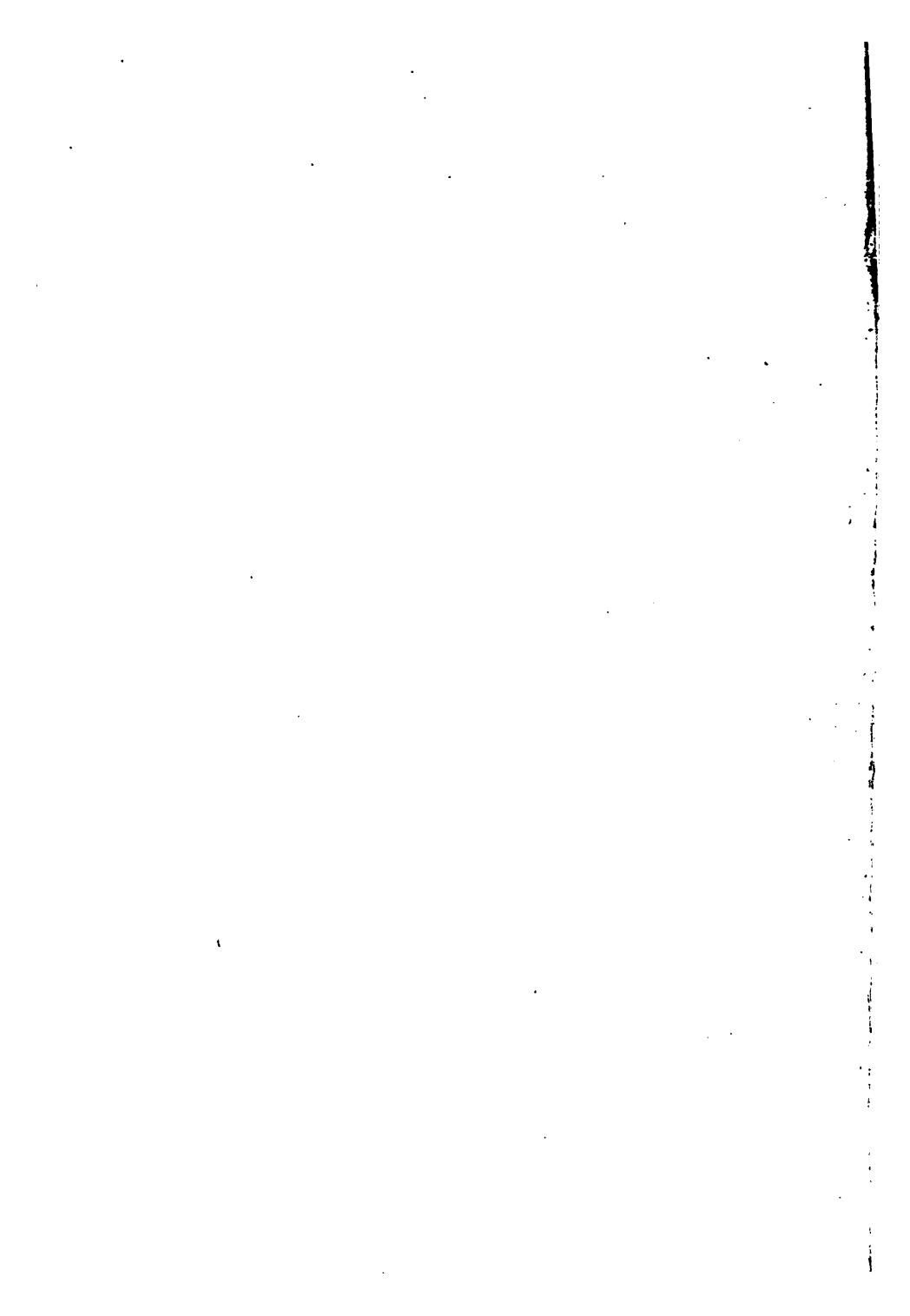
Rest on the sympathetic heart
Of Nature just a while,
And know the joy of waning bliss,
While Nature's children smile.

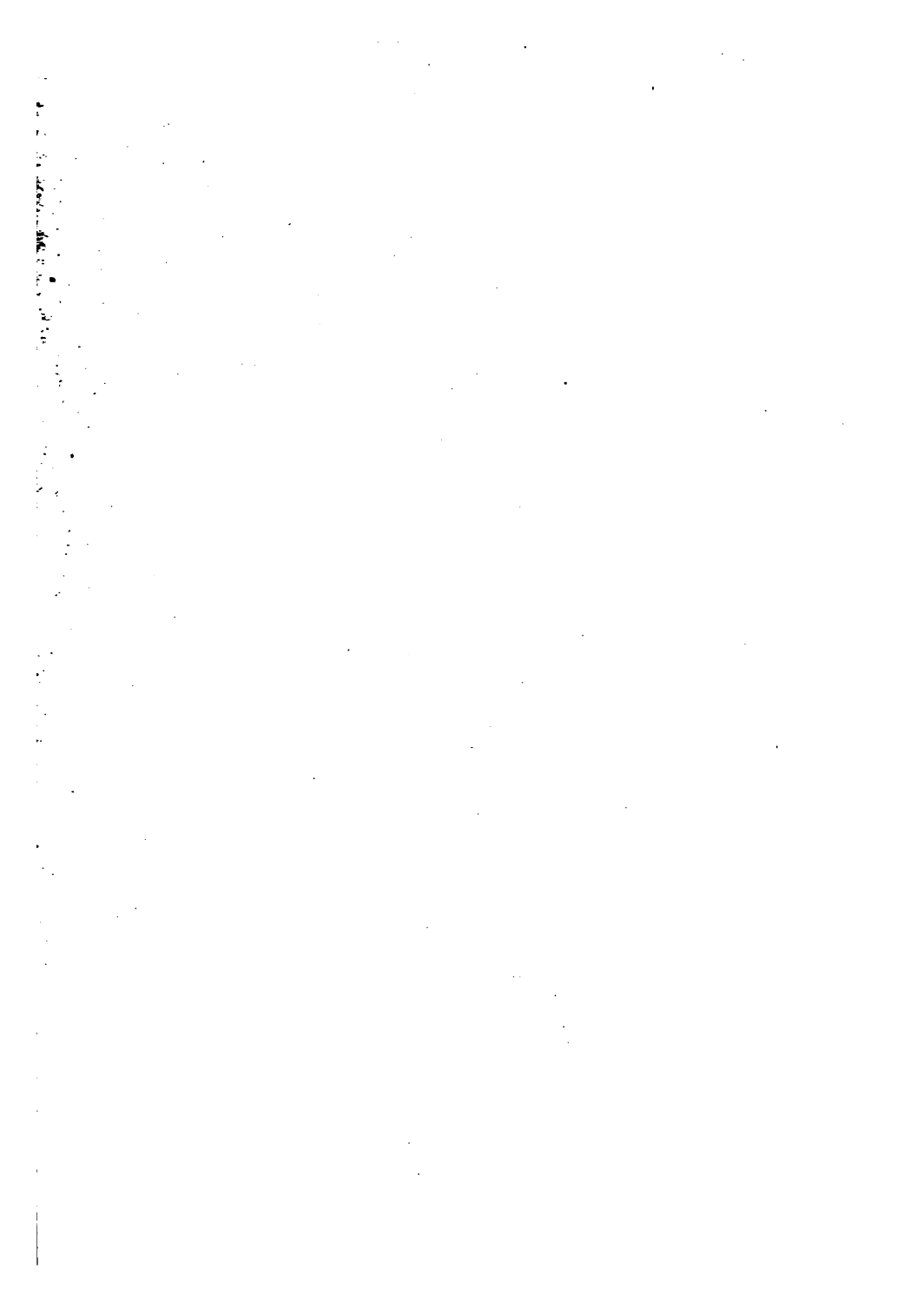
Southern Symphonies

LIFE'S PANORAMA.

Over the hills of the Long Ago,
Over the valleys beyond By-Low,
Into the plains of dear Babyland,
Past the steep brink of "Now, can't you stand?"
Hurry we on, to the Isle of Joy—
Crossing the channel of Girl and Boy,
Into the nation of Grown-ups, now,
Climbing Maturity, to its brow.
Just yonder, Uncertain Land allures,
And naught but a Sodom's Apple insures.
Do you pray to return to the Long Ago?
Ah, the way has fled to the sweet By-Low.
You can ne'er return to bright Babyland,
Nor mother to whisper, "Sweet, now stand."
You have hurried on past the Isle of Joy,
Past the rainbow Channel of Girl and Boy,
So now you must dwell in Grown-up Land,
As you trudge o'er Maturity's rocks and sand,
Until on the other side, Old Age
Ushers you on to the finished page.
You may look askance, you may steal back low,
But you cannot return to the Long Ago.

THE END.





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